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THE HON. MRS. SANDARS.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE Journal for all interested in Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: The Hon. Mrs. Sandars	845, 846
A Hundred Years Ago	846
Country Notes	847
St. Andrew's Day at Eton. (Illustrated)	849
Raeburn, by Hugh Stokes. (Illustrated)	852
Tales of Country Life: The Brothers, by Jessie Leckie Herbertson	855
The Scotch Fisher-girl, by Peggy Scott. (Illustrated)	856
The Heart of Asia.—II., by Lieutenant P. T. Etherton. (Illustrated)	859
Country Home: Maryland, Alpes Maritimes.—II. (Illustrated)	862
Historical Monuments Commission, by W. H. St. John Hope	870
In the Garden. (Illustrated)	871
Literature	873
Little Boney. (Illustrated)	875
On the Green. (Illustrated)	877
Agricultural Notes	878
Correspondence	879

"Tipping" in Country Houses; Clematises Dying Off: An Old Trader; A Winter Butterfly; A Forty-two-pound Trout (T. Phillips); The Old and the New (H. M. Fletcher); A Prolific Cow (Walter Bird); Golf in New Zealand (Lucy Besant); Tame Pigeons in Trees (J. C. Laidlay); Troublesome Starlings (F. M. David); A Lead Cistern (F. Bagust).

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A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

SIR WALTER GILBEY, whose curiosity about the past rural life of England is unsleeping, has just given us a little book on farmstock one hundred years ago. The title by no means covers the subject dealt with, since Sir Walter has been led by his investigations into finding out many particulars that help us to realise what a farmer's life was like one hundred years ago. The task is not so easy as might be thought, because the past century has been one of changes affecting the rural population to an extraordinary degree. A century ago the typical English farmer had what we should now call a small farm. His homestead was thatched, and close to it were his stack-yard, his barn and granaries, and his cattle-yard. There was a pond in front of his house, and during the winter, at all events, an everlasting puddle all round it. He could not travel much because of the badness of the roads, and had to depend on itinerant vendors for many things which he now buys direct. Thus the cattle-jobber was an institution of those days. He was a man who bought livestock either on commission or for speculative purposes. The jobbers continually travelled about buying sheep or cattle to the order of their customers. The best of the class usually confined his attention to two or three counties, where he came to be known and trusted for the judgment and honesty with which he executed his commissions. In the West of England and borderlands of Wales there were cattle-jobbers who traded for the most part in Welsh cattle. In the South of England sheep-jobbers were more common. They went their rounds among the farmers of Dorset, Wiltshire and Hampshire, all famed for their sheep. Next to the jobber, the fair or market was a great convenience to the farmer. That period was the heyday of the fair. In a good year at Ipswich Lamb Fair, as many as 120,000 lambs were collected. At the fair of 1799 the number shrunk to 40,000, this being attributed to the inclemency of the spring and the consequent bad crop of lambs. Sheep fairs held on Salisbury Plain were at least equally famous. So were the horse fairs at Howden, Horncastle, Woodbridge, Pancras and St. Faith's. These exist still; and the horse fair at Horncastle cannot be called unimportant to-day, but yet it is shorn of a great deal of its former glory. The largest fair in the United Kingdom was called Falkirk Tryst. There was a series of three, held respectively in August, September and October. At a single tryst in Falkirk it is said that as many as 50,000 cattle, 30,000 sheep and 3,000 horses were assembled. A fair of this magnitude has not only passed out of possible existence, but is even something that the imagination cannot figure in these days. We may suppose that going to the fair offered to the farmer a combination of business and pleasure. His chief relaxation was found in sheep-shearing feasts and his ploughing matches, though we may suppose that he took a considerable amount of interest in the gatherings of his womenfolk.

In the customs of those days is to be found the origin of the American spelling-bee. When there was anything important to be done at the farm, whether it were coring apples or making bedclothes or preparing a bride's outfit, it was the custom to assemble the neighbours for a considerable distance round and for them all to help. In return the goodwife made some sort of a feast, and usually the assembly ended its proceedings with a merry dance in the barn. There are few left who remember these merry-makings; but there are many who in their youth must have heard their seniors recalling tales of those brave days, or rather nights, of old, of the riotous fun in the barn, and the long walk over field and dale in the moonlight afterwards. Such was a farmer's life one hundred years ago, simple in its occupation and in its pleasure. There were annoyances, too, and Sir Walter Gilbey is evidently inclined to think that the greatest of these lay in the tithes. The stock-farmer had no reason to like the payments. The tithe-owner was entitled to every tenth lamb produced. If the lamb crop was under fifty, the system adopted was to assemble the lambs and divide them. It was done in this way. First the farmer chose two lambs, then the tithe-owner took one. Next the farmer selected seven and the tithe-owner chose one more. The farmer then chose nine, and the two parties took one and nine in turn until the whole tithe had been allotted. The end of the manœuvring was, of course, to get the other man to take the less desirable animals. If the lambs exceeded fifty, they were collected near a gap in some hedge and slowly driven through it. The first two to pass into the adjoining field belonged to the farmer, the third to the tithe-owner, the next seven to the farmer, and thereafter each tenth lamb to pass through was the tithe lamb. The custom varied a great deal according to the district In some a cash payment was readily accepted, in others the parson did not care to take his tithe in this way. In one eastern county, the farmers had to bring their lambs to the churchyard on St. Mark's Day and then tie them up for the parson to remove at his convenience. The milk tithe presented still greater difficulties, because it was so easy to collect it in an inconvenient form. Thus we are told that: "In a certain parish whose rector was not on good terms with the people, the farmers combined and tried to compel the rector to take all his tithe milk on the same day of the week. There were 400 cows in the parish, and the result was to give the unfortunate rector perhaps 250 gallons of milk on that one day and none at all on the other six. This method of paying milk tithe was ruled illegal."

Farmers in those days attached far more importance to pigeons than is done now, and the dovecote was a very important part of the farm-buildings. They seem to have had very good sale for the young birds and also for the manure from the lofts. It would be extremely interesting to place side by side with these hints of the farmer as he was one hundred years ago a realistic picture of him as he exists to-day. But the task is rather for an imaginative writer than for the severe analyst, who does not care to have to do with anything except hard facts. He, as it were, supplies the bone and framework round which may be built the finished picture.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece is a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Sandars and her little son. The Hon. Mrs. Sandars is the only daughter of Lord Graves. Her marriage took place in 1905.

**** It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of* COUNTRY LIFE *be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.*



COUNTRY NOTES

FORTUNATELY for the success of the Smithfield Show, its opening occurred a few days before the polling for the counties began. The General Election, therefore, did not prevent a goodly company from assembling to witness the final struggle between the fat beasts of the year. The most interesting feature was the contest between Mr. Cridlan's Aberdeen-Angus heifer and the red shorthorn heifer from Windsor. The former had won at Norwich, and at Birmingham had been awarded the first prize because of the condition that the beast should be bred by the exhibitor, and the King's animal did not fulfil the requirement. At Smithfield the judges disagreed, but the referee found no difficulty in arriving at a decision. Mr. Cridlan with Clasp II. won the silver cup for the best heifer, the champion plate for the best beast in the show, and the King's challenge cup for the best beast in the show bred by the exhibitor. It was a triumph for the hornless black breed. Otherwise His Majesty did well. Of the ten animals from Windsor there was only one that did not receive a prize or reserve ticket, and two won the special cup for their breeds. Taking Sandringham and Windsor together, the King carried away six first prizes, three seconds, and was within an ace of winning the championship. It is a splendid record.

It is a pity that in the Smithfield Show arrangements cannot be made for having the dead poultry on view on the opening day. Obviously it would be difficult to have the birds ready on a Monday morning, but they could be so in the afternoon. In a year like this many visitors are compelled to make only a brief stay. And those who are most intimately connected with the livestock shown had to hurry away as soon as the judging was over. Owing to the fact that the table birds were not on view until Wednesday they had not an opportunity of seeing them. Another year, therefore, it would be a good arrangement to have the table birds brought in on the Monday. Also, we think, if the show is to encourage the production of table poultry as an industry, it would be well to insist upon each exhibit being accompanied by a statement showing the character and cost of its feeding and preparation. It would help towards enabling the vendor to fix a price per pound at which he could sell his poultry. Until that is done the industry will never make the headway that it ought to.

Mr. C. H. Turner at the usual Cattle Show meeting of the Farmers' Club pointed out that land at present is becoming of far more interest in politics than it used to be. It is curious to watch how interest in it wanes when times are bad and prices low. If we go back for twenty-five years and look at the newspapers and magazines, we shall find that the land question was one of the most prominent in all political discussions and in General Elections. But after the depression came on it lost its interest. Now, when agricultural land is increasing in value, it is attracting the attention of politicians, and Mr. Jesse Collings, whose indisposition is generally regretted, in season and out of season insists that now is the moment for poor men to acquire the ownership of small holdings. We have often said our say about this, and have seen nothing to change the view held by the majority of those who look at the question from a perfectly unbiased point of view, that for a farmer it is better to have sufficient capital for provision of seeds, manure and implements than to have a nominal ownership. For ownership can only be nominal when the money is borrowed and interest is paid instead of rent. All the same, we cannot help admiring the splendid pertinacity and disinterestedness of Mr. Jesse Collings.

A movement deserving support is that for planting old colliery sites with trees. A scheme is at present being considered for so treating thirty-six and one-eighth acres of land at Morley and one hundred and forty-four acres at Brentley, near Walsall. This proposal is supported by the Institute of Mining Engineers for South Staffordshire and Warwickshire, and has been put forward by the Midland Re-afforestation Association. The plan is eminently practicable. At present disused colliery sites are an eyesore and a waste. We know of few scenes more desolate than the Black Country that is left when a colliery is worked out and given up. There are accumulations of waste, and cottages, usually with the windows all broken and the roofs half fallen in, making what never were beautiful dwellings blotches of ugliness. But experience has shown that Nature alone will re-clothe with trees and verdure even these desolate tracts. Many of them can be seen in Northumberland, where ferns and fir trees have gradually crept over the ugliness and transformed it. The proposal in the Midlands is only to do more quickly what Nature would perform in her own leisurely way, and the scheme seems to be one which very properly might receive aid from the Development Grant; that is to say, if it be planned out on strictly sound and economic lines. We always have a suspicion that waste may occur when it is suggested that the unemployed should be engaged to carry out the work.

A SONG FOR A WINTER'S DAY.

O where do you come from, my child my own,
And what have you seen this day, O?
I come from the woods, but the flowers have blown
And the earth is hard and gray, O.

O what have you wept for, my child my own,
And where have you been this day, O?
I went to the hills, but the birds have flown
And the ships have sailed away, O.

Then bide by the hearth now, my child my own,
And I'll sing you a song this day, O,
Of living white blooms that the year has sown,
And of harboured ships that stay, O.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

A correspondent of *The Times* gives some interesting information in the course of a protest against language used by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The latter had made the statement that "in Wales the children of Rebecca cleared away the toll-gates," referring, of course, to the riotous proceedings of 1843, when, especially in the counties of Carmarthen and Cardigan, gangs of men dressed in women's clothes went about at night demolishing the toll-gates. It was the feminine dress that caused them to be called Rebeccas. The point raised by the correspondent referred to, however, was that salmon-poaching is a favourite nocturnal pursuit in Wales. Gangs of twenty, fifty or even a hundred men, armed with torches, spears, bludgeons and guns, raise the cry of "Rebecca" and make raids on the fish. In the North similar proceedings are common enough on winter nights, although the cry of "Rebecca" is not raised. But we understand that during the last year or two night poaching on the Tweed and its tributaries has considerably diminished, and, even in Wales, the cases are much fewer. It is very curious, however, that the "Rebecca" cry raised seventy years ago should still be heard in the Welsh valleys.

We give in our golfing pages a summary of some proposals which are, we believe, shortly to be put before the Hanger Hill Golf Club. They are that the club shall appropriate two acres, with the possibility of a further extension, upon which the caddies are to try their 'prentice hands, under suitable instruction, at market gardening. A beginning is to be made with vegetables, which will be supplied to the golf club and to any members who like to buy them at current trade prices. This scheme affords further and welcome evidence that golf clubs are waking up to a sense of their responsibilities. Carrying clubs is a pleasant and lucrative employment for a boy, but it is what has been called a "blind-alley" occupation. It generally leads to nothing, and is apt to produce a taste for loafing and a disinclination for genuine work. Already several attempts have been made to remedy this evil. The Sunningdale Club have instituted club-making classes for their boys, and also evening classes in ordinary educational subjects, and both have been very successful. Woking employ a certain number of their caddies in green-keeping; and among Northern clubs Birkdale have set an excellent example. There are, no doubt,

others who are doing good work on the same lines, and everyone will wish success to Hanger Hill in their gardening experiment, which breaks, as far as we know, new ground.

Electioneering could not be a pleasant pastime in the month of December under any circumstances, but the continuous rain that fell at the beginning of the month deepened its miseries. In the Thames Valley, in the Midlands and in Lincolnshire the floods were of a most serious description. The rivers overflowed their banks. In some places there was as much as four or five feet of water on the roads, and many of the cottagers had to spend their leisure time in removing their furniture out of the reach of the water. Motor-cars were in many instances brought to a standstill. Useful as this machine is, it has to give place to the horse carriage when there is a question of fording water. In one or two cases electioneering was done by boat instead of by carriage. But all this does not convey an idea of the frightful discomfort. In Suffolk it rained for forty consecutive hours without stopping, and it was a cold, penetrating rain that got through waterproofs and overcoats of all kinds. Rain in December is certainly not conducive to that equable mood which is the ideal one for discussing the philosophy of modern politics.

Two lectures which happen to be reported in the same day's newspapers offer a contrast that illustrates very strikingly two opposite features of the human mind. One emanated from that great student of science, Sir William Crookes, and the other was by the Very Rev. Dr. George Adam Smith, who lectured on the early poetry of Israel. Now, perhaps it is not surprising that, as Dr. Smith has shown, a shepherd people should have evolved a fine poetry. The eyes of the shepherd are constantly seeing what is infinitely suggestive and infinitely beyond his understanding. It is all calculated to develop the child-like wonder which is characteristic of all primitive peoples. And there is something of child-like simplicity in the noble expressions and metaphors which the Biblical writers applied to natural phenomena. Job conceived the sea as being poured out over the land. The Psalmist and every other great poet felt the majesty of the everlasting hills, and so by wonder he passed into the realm of spiritual imagination. But it is very curious that Sir William Crookes, after incessant weighing and measuring and calculating, should arrive at the same primitive attitude of mind. "We have actually touched the borderland," he says, "where matter and energy seem to merge into one another, the shadowy realm between the known and the unknown." Here, then, is the same wonder evolved by "stars silent over us, graves under us, silent."

The sale of Meredith MSS. last week, though it led to no remarkably high bids, showed how keen is the interest attached to autograph value. Though in some cases the bidders were Meredithians who bought through the love of their master's handwriting, but there were others in which purchases were made obviously with an eye to the future, and not from the interest aroused by a great man's death. The highest bid was £260 for an early version of "One of our Conquerors." "The Tale of Chloe" was sold for £171, and part of "Diana of the Crossways" for £168. Three lots of poems fetched about £100 each. But the most remarkable bidding was for five numbers of "The Monthly Observer," which were knocked down for £80, on the chance that they might contain Meredith manuscript. The sale was, in its way, unique, for though there are three MSS. in the British Museum, all the rest are in America. In any case it is not likely that so many will be sold again at the same price.

It appears that within quite a short distance of each other in Scotland are to be seen two examples of salmon passes, the one an object-lesson in such passes as they should, and the other of the same as they should not, be constructed. On the Tummel, below the famed Falls of Tummel, they have just opened a pass, which the fish are ascending eagerly. Just below the Bridge of Allan, on the river Allan, there is an obstruction to the running up of the salmon, and here they have a ladder, but the fish do not make any use of it, and just lately there has been a great netting out of fish in the pool below the weir and a turning of them into the water above. No doubt there are several possible reasons why fish do not take advantage of passes constructed for them; but by far the most common seems to be, not that they cannot go up by the pass, but that they never find it. The best-made pass in the world is of no use if its lower end does not enter the water at a place where the fish are naturally seeking to go up.

The obstructions to the running up of fish on many a river could be removed by the much more simple and cheap expedient of inserting a dynamite cartridge into a hole drilled in the rock and blasting a way up; but this, of course, is not to be suggested where the effect would be to ruin a beautiful fall of water. It is only by slow degrees that owners of rivers seem to be beginning to realise that they can do something, by taking thought, to increase the stock of salmon in their waters. Anything like hatching on a sufficient scale to make an appreciable difference is, perhaps, beyond the scope of private enterprise, and should be here, as in America, a Government undertaking. But a deal may be done to add to these resting-places for the salmon which are supplied by the natural boulders in the rivers, and if this winter should be as severe as the prophets tell us it is likely to be, it will give every opportunity for leading out over the ice, until they are in the right spot for sinking, blocks of cement such as now give many a fish a shelter from the full force of the current in many streams where this device has been tried.

THE TWELFTH HOUR.

Last week I got conversion—not, indeed, to any party,
But to the simple principle that voters ought to vote;
On soaring wings of oratory carried
From halcyon years, politically arid,
I learned I was a power,
The ruler of the hour,
And other things too flattering to quote.

I lunched on cooked statistics, and I dined on potted speeches;
Triumphant o'er the thick, encrusted ignorance of years,
I panted to consolidate the Empire;
Conservatives grew kind—(I roused in them ire,
When I found out next day
I dared not vote that way,
Lest I subjugate the People to the Peers).

Then awhile my blood grew hot against Hereditary Chambers,
"Most impudent of tyrannies that history affords";
For half a week I clamoured with insistence
The Lords refused my bare "right to existence";
Till a woman made me doubt,
With her "Keep the Liberal out!
For the Commons are the women's House of Lords."

I burned the midnight taper reading up the Osborne judgment,
Upon the Referendum I obtained the best advice;
"Trust the People" was the policy and glory,
It appeared, alike of Radical and Tory;
Harder every day to choose
'Twixt such unconflicting views.
Just the path that led direct to Paradise

The morning dawns, and vote I must. I wish I were a pauper,
An infant, or a woman with a frail, precarious hold
On votelessness. . . . Why!—what! my hand is shaking,
I'm feverish, and every limb is aching. . . .
Praise the winter-gods' decree!
England won't be lost through me!
I *can't* vote; I've got an influenza cold.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

During the past year the National Vegetable Society, which was formed about eighteen months ago, has done a great deal of useful work in several directions. In the report of the committee that was presented to the members at the annual general meeting on Tuesday last, the work of the past year is set out in detail. The most important feature is the growing for trial of different kinds of vegetables. The society, during the past year, has had grown for testing purposes, in different localities, autumn-sown cabbages, autumn-sown onions and early potatoes. The results of these trials are given in the report under notice, and should prove a valuable guide to the best varieties to grow. In addition, the society held a most successful exhibition of vegetables in London on September 28th last. During the forthcoming year the committee intend to have grown for trial purposes early cauliflowers, early peas, beetroots, carrots and onions, the last-named to be sown under glass and subsequently planted out. Not only are the results of such trials of value to the ordinary gardener, but market-growers will find them exceedingly useful. It is pleasing to note that this society has a substantial balance in hand with which to commence its second year's work.

A hunting season which has been vexed, so far, by very unsatisfactory conditions of weather has been further saddened by two most tragic accidents, in both instances involving the death of very skilled as well as very popular followers of the sport. Mrs. Douglas Crossman, who met with a fatal fall in the Cambridgeshire country, was well known with the hounds of the Meynell, before her marriage, when she was Miss Dawson. Mr. Gordon Scott, who died from the result of internal injuries

received in a fall while hunting with the Cattistock, had acted as hon. secretary of the South Dorset Hunt for six years, and was a very fine and bold rider, in the prime of life. In neither instance does it appear that the state of the country, which seems to have been frozen and half flooded in alternate succession, was responsible for the fatal occurrence, and these names have to be added to the already too long death-roll of those riders of a more than common skill, which has yet availed them nothing in escaping the most tragic end of a wholly unforeseen accident.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON.



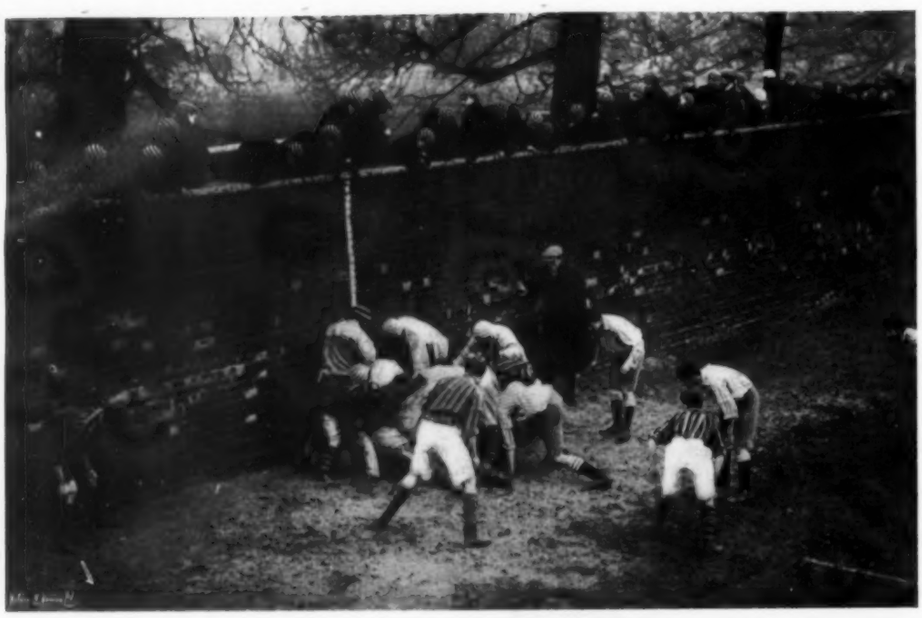
SPECTATORS OF THE WALL GAME.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY—and there are perhaps those who do not know that it falls on November 30th—begins like other days with early school and morning chapel. From the moment, however, when the boys come streaming out of chapel into schoolyard, where stands "Henricus Sextus fundator noster" looking down benignantly upon them, the day is a festival of continuous football till night falls upon the playing-fields.

There appears to be something almost unseemly in watching football at about half-past ten in the morning; but a visitor who is to worship St. Andrew whole-heartedly must not miss the final of the lower-boy house-cup, which is the first match of the day. It is played in the big field, at the end of which stands the long white row of fives courts, and which is called the "Timbralls" or "School-Field" in winter, but in summer-time is known as "Sixpenny." Eton, as is generally known, does not play the football of other people, but has two games of its own—the wall game and the field game. This first match is a field game, and presents a pleasant and amusing scene. The small boys who play in it have not yet risen to the dignity of colours; they wear the hideous "scug" cap of the common and uncoloured herd, with narrow blue and black stripes. Some of



THE WALL GAME: AN ANXIOUS MOMENT FOR THE OPPIDAN BEHINDS.



THE WALL GAME: ON THE VERGE OF CALX.

them look piteously small and lost in the big field; but still there is no lack of excitement over their doings, for all their fellow lower boys are there to look at them, and other older persons, too, who condescend to shout encouragement.

There is, it may be remarked, some skill in shouting a name so as to give it its full value; and here the house, where the tutor has a three-syllabled name, has a palpable advantage. What a fine, sonorous boom there is about "Cornishes" or "Evanses," with the emphasis thrown on the first and third syllables. The poor dissyllables have but a meagre sound by comparison.

Even more imposing than the shouts at an Eton house match is the spectacle of those called Swells, the Olympian creatures who keep ordinary mortals in their place. The limitations of the field of play are marked by a narrow line cut in the turf. Some little way further back is a similar and parallel line, behind which the humble spectators stand. In the space between the two lines walk the Olympians, enjoying a pleasantly conspicuous solitude, and ever and again hitting with their canes any intrusive leg that is creeping forward out of its place. It was thus that the beaters out used to keep clear the outer ring with their whips in the days of Boxiana. The Swells have gorgeous waistcoats and illustrious caps: the light blue of the eleven, or the white cap of the eight, or perhaps the purple and orange of Oppidan Wall, which they will wear later on in the great wall match. It is rather a pathetic reflection that they will never be such great swells again as long as they live.

We must give the visitor some little explanation of the field game, more especially as he will have to watch it again later on, for besides the wall match, which is *the* match of the day, there are more games at the field, one between the Masters and the Old Etonians, and another between Oxford and Cambridge Etonians. To put it shortly, the game is like Association football, with passing eliminated and the addition of a quasi-Rugby scrummage, called the Bully. There is also a very faint family resemblance, as regards the scoring, between a Rugby try and an Eton rouge; but there is nothing in the world like the attempt to "force" a rouge, when the attackers form themselves into a kind of wedge and then precipitate themselves upon the defenders who are massed in goal.

There is never any hovering about for the ball to be passed, since not to be up with the ball is to be guilty either of "cornering," which is a misdemeanour, or "sneaking," which is a felony. Therefore it is, *par excellence*, the game for the man who can run fast and dribble adroitly. He who has the ball dribbles it as fast and as straight as he can towards the enemy's line, and when he runs over or is dispossessed of it, his comrade, who has been backing him up, takes up the running. Eton has produced some mighty dribblers, among whom may be mentioned the two great football families of the Goslings and the Myttons. Who that ever tried to get out of his way—and failed—will forget the fiery onslaught of Mytton minor, who was keeper of the field, if we remember rightly, in 1893?

However, this field game is really but a preliminary to the business of the day, the match between Collegers and Oppidans, which takes place at the wall after twelve. So, after all the "here, sir's" have been said at Absence in the schoolyard, we must hurry our stranger down to College Field, that he may get a good place beside the rope. Some of the smaller fry sit on the top of the wall itself and drum against it with their heels, but the mass of the spectators stand in College Field, where the better view is to be had. To describe the wall game in detail and intelligibly is a superhuman task. It is a sufficiently ambitious one merely to set it forth as it appears to uninitiated eyes. The wall is a red brick wall, about ten feet high and one hundred and twenty yards long, which bounds one side of College



THE FIELD GAME: STOPPING A RUN DOWN.

Field. Some six yards or so from the wall and parallel to it there is a line cut in the turf, and this narrow space between line and wall constitutes the field of play. The goals themselves are, singularly enough, outside the field of play altogether. One is a door in a wall that runs at right angles to the main wall; the other is a great elm tree, or, rather, a portion of the tree's trunk marked by a chalk line. Some nine or ten yards from either end of the wall a chalk line is drawn upon the wall. The spaces inside these lines are called respectively "good calx" and "bad calx."



THE FIELD GAME: FORCING A ROUGE.

So much the stranger must be told to begin with, even though he does not in the least understand it. Now let him watch the players. Here they come, eleven on each side, some of them attired in the most curious imaginable garments. Three on each side, who are called "walls," and are usually the giants of the team, wear padded "wall caps," and also "wall sacks," which consist of sweaters padded on the back and arms with thick canvas, designed as a protection against the too rough embraces of the wall itself. Two more, who are called seconds, wear caps, but no sacks. Now the bully is to be formed. The three walls on one side form down with their shoulders against the wall; the other three form down in similar style against them. The seconds, who are short and sturdy creatures of the type of the Rugby half-back, form down outside the "walls," nuzzling close up against them. Three players on each side, the "outsides," stand between the bully and the touch-line, while the three "behinds" stand in single file behind the bully.

Half-past twelve strikes on the College clock, the umpire rolls the ball into the heart of the bully and the fray has begun. Prolonged shouts of "Collegers" and "Oppidans" rend the air, but nothing intelligible seems to be happening. The component parts of the bully push and struggle and sway, till a thick steam begins to rise above it. The outsides jostle one another feverishly in an agony of expectation, but the ball remains invisible among tangled legs, to say nothing of arms and heads. This may go on for a long time, but, as a rule, something happens, and the bully breaks up and out comes the ball. Everybody tries to kick it at once, and at last someone succeeds. He does not keep it within the narrow limits; to do so would be to be guilty of the terrible crime called "cooling." No; he kicks it over the touch-line, and as far down the field as he can. The behinds, on the other side, dash out and stop it as fast as they can, and opposite the place where the ball came to rest a new bully is formed. And so on and so on.

Thus the game may proceed, and no one may score at all; but we will imagine, for the visitor's benefit, that the ball is kicked out within the limits of good calx. Then a new and infinitely more complex bully is formed with a "stopper" and a "getter," a "stopping furker" and a "getting furker." But to describe their functions is too fearful a task. The ball is rolled in again, and the fury of the fight—for so it really appears—and of the shouting is redoubled. Suddenly from the very centre of the bully comes a smothered cry of "Got it." The bully gradually loosens, and the umpire tries to see what has happened. Yes; there is one of the attacking side—to be technical, he who helped the "getting furker"—with the ball off the ground and supported against the wall by his left foot, while with his left hand he is touching the ball. The umpire proclaims it a shy, and the boy with the ball hurls it at the goal, the door in the wall. As, however, the door is small, and is by now guarded by half-a-dozen of the opposite side, it is a thousand to one he does not hit it. Still, he has scored a shy, and the match is really won by shies and not by goals, for a goal is practically never scored. Then the bully forms down again in calx, and so the match goes on.

Now, this looks an extraordinarily dull game, but there is not a colleger worthy of the name who does not thrill at the recollection of it, for the wall game is really a college game. The colleger plays it from his youth up; no oppidan plays it till in his last two years or so at school, and many oppidans never play it at all. Moreover, since the collegers, who are but seventy in number, do battle with the oppidans, who are near a thousand, they play the game with the passionate patriotism of a small state fighting against a huge empire. To have scored a goal upon St. Andrew's Day will immortalise a colleger, and the name of Mr. H. J. Mordaunt is remembered in college to



THE FIELD GAME: A LOOSE BULLY.

this day, not because he made a hundred for Cambridge at Lord's, but because he got a goal on St. Andrew's Day some time in the eighties. Mr. Creasy threw a goal for college last year, and there had been no goal scored between those two dates. When the writer was in college the name of a gallant second, Mr. Benson, who sat on the ball for nearly half-an-hour, when the collegers were leading, and refused to be moved by the whole strength of the oppidan walls, was in our "flowing cup freshly remembered." Let us hope his memory is still kept green, as it deserves to be. There is, in truth, no greater day in any colleger's life than the St. Andrew's Day upon which he files into hall as one of the victorious eleven, while the other fifty-nine batter the table with their spoons and forks, and even the master in college himself, seated in state on his dais, does not disdain to join in that triumphant uproar.

B. D.

RAEBURN.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN was one of the few Scottish men of genius who were not seduced by the Southern road to seek fortune in the English metropolis. How strong this temptation is to all provincial lads of talent we who are born and bred within sound of Bow Bells can never know. We regret the fact for our own sakes. Art ought not to be Chauvinistic, but its London practitioners often call for protection from clever outsiders as well as dead Old Masters. And, in a more altruistic spirit, it is not good that the art activities of a kingdom should be concentrated in one city. However, human nature remains the same across the centuries. One hundred and fifty years ago Allan Ramsay came to town to monopolise the Court patronage. To-day most of the members of the Glasgow school have forsaken the mists of the Clyde for the fogs of the Thames. Even the Irishmen boast of studios in Chelsea. Perhaps, after all, London is an artistic city.

In many respects the history of Raeburn is not that of the average artist. Had he been born amid rural surroundings, like Reynolds, or Constable, or Romney, he would have undoubtedly drifted into the maelstrom of the metropolis. But at the close of the eighteenth century the intellectual and social life of Edinburgh rivalled, if it did not surpass, that of London. It boasted the keenest intelligence hand in hand with the profoundest learning. The days were spiced with sharp wit and a toping good-fellowship, kept mellow by streaming fountains of punch and port wine. In this degenerate age of ginger ale and barley water we are painfully ignorant of such joys upon which great men managed to thrive. Edinburgh was the rallying-point of a society not too large to be unwieldy, not too small to be dull. A portrait painter could not find himself amid better material. The Scottish race is notable for its striking individualities, which the stolid and matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxons at once despise and are afraid of. Raeburn's skill has preserved the salient characteristics of Scottish society before it merged with, and lost its identity in, the higher ranks of the three kingdoms.

Apart from the now lost fascinations of old Edinburgh there is another reason why Raeburn never troubled to conquer London. After a short while of happy Bohemianism he married a rich widow at the age of twenty-two, and blossomed into a man of means. Tolstoy, whose views on art, like his maxims of life, were always extraordinary and generally wrong, beautiful in theory and distressing in practice, tells us that to become truly great an artist must work for his daily bread. Money fatally ruins the career of an artist, cried the gifted *moujik*.

It would be rash to assert that, without a private fortune, Raeburn would never have achieved genius. But had he been compelled to pass through years of neglect, to dodge the approach of his landlord and to put off the pay-day for butcher and baker, his genius would not have taken the form in which we have it. Looking round the remarkable collection of portraits by the Scottish Master, which is making the French Gallery in Pall Mall a Mecca for all lovers of great painting, one is immediately struck by the atmosphere of repose. This is not the work of a neurotic or worried man, but of one who is physically sound. It is necessary to insist upon the somewhat trite fact that genious in conjunction with good health has a tremendous advantage over genius with a quarterly doctor's bill. So in Raeburn we have an artist happy in his home, with a bank balance which must have rivalled those of many of his wealthy sitters, always pleased to shut up his studio for a day on the golf links, and at the same time busily engaged over the portraits of a community which gloried in a super-abundant vitality. Raeburn's old men, his lawyers, his doctors, his country lairds, look as if they intended to live for ever. His old women—there is only one in Pall Mall, "Mrs. Tod," but, of course, the finest example is the immortal "Mrs. James Campbell"—are as tough as leather. They gaze at the spectator as if daring him to fathom the bottomless wisdom they have amassed in three-score years. There is a disconcerting rawness about "Mrs. Tod." She is a lady who speaks her mind, and her mouth has more sarcasm than benevolence. At first sight we would not care to own her as a mother-in-law. But there is something in those twinkling eyes which holds out a hope of forgiveness for the backslider. "You're not the first young man I've seen," they signal. "Why, I knew all there is to learn about man years before you were born." The old women of Rembrandt always suggest decay and



From a painting by MRS. MURRAY. *Raeburn*

world-weariness. With Raeburn the dominant note, even in age, is strong vitality. It was once said of this Master that he could not paint a pretty woman. As Raeburn was big enough to paint any form of beauty or ugliness that he cared to place upon canvas, the statement required further explanation. This came in an aggravated form. There are no pretty women in Scotland for an artist to paint! This libel was passed off by a son of Edinburgh. It is so patently grotesque that only the very young will rush into the lists to demonstrate its absurdity. Each wall of the French Gallery cries out against its truth. There is "Miss Ross," for instance, or Raeburn's step-daughter, "Mrs. Vere," or the stately "Mrs. Campbell of Kilberry," or the softer "Lady Seton." "Lady Maitland" must be omitted, for she was Irish.

These portraits tell us in no uncertain manner that had Raeburn settled in London, Lawrence and Hoppner would have met their sternest competitor. Lawrence, who in most of his actions was thoroughly selfish, did advise Raeburn to remain in the Northern capital, and one can hardly blame him. Unfortunately, although his visits to town were rare—he made but three—Raeburn was markedly influenced by both these Masters. His bituminous landscapes suggest Hoppner, his smiling damsels barely escape the artificial charm of Lawrence. But Raeburn gives all his younger sitters the appearance of perfect health. Their eyes are clear and open as they survey a world of pleasure. Wit and merriment shine across their happy faces.

Raeburn displayed his consummate talent over another class of sitter which taxes the lesser artist to the furthest limit of his powers. Balzac has stated his abiding interest in the woman over thirty. To the portrait painter she is distracting. It is comparatively easy to deal with the beauty of youth, or the majesty of age. But how to master that awkward age of womanhood when, youth left behind and the haven of age not yet reached, ideals are thrown overboard and there is nothing to replace them?

"Mrs. Douglas" shows in one respect how Raeburn met the problem, as he met all problems, directly and boldly, without hedging. His portrait displays the very soul of the sitter. She is not beautiful, but she has charm—a far more potent asset. She is pondering over those deep thoughts which every woman in her solitary hours has to wrestle with. Men, as a general rule, seldom grapple with them as women do. For one reason, their brains are too heavy, they are more concerned with the pressing needs of the day; in a word, they are either too busy or too idle. A woman sits for hours placidly sewing or embroidering. Over the semi-mechanical task her brain is as agile as her fingers, but in another direction. She is turning things over, summing up, allotting praise and blame, building castles, awarding laurels, sentencing, and carrying to execution. In every household there are as many judges as there are women. And no matter how much a man may be loved for his strength or his weakness, he is always more or less in the dock.

The French Gallery does not contain many examples of a type which gives us the measure of Raeburn as a psychologist. It does not contain the best of his old men. "'Cicerone' Byres" and "Dr. Johnstone" are magnificent, but not quite so mighty as the wonderful series immortalising the worthies who adorned the Scottish Bench one hundred years ago. One must travel to Edinburgh to see the sleepy Judge Newton, the fat Judge Dundas, and, above all, Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield, who has been enshrined in that unfinished masterpiece, "Weir of Hermiston," the portrait having suggested the book. The French Gallery is rich in examples of Raeburn's skill with younger men—"Mr. John Campbell of Kilberry," "Patrick Millar of Dalswinton," "Lieutenant-Colonel William Sherriff." These rather opinionated country gentlemen, with a not over-modest conceit of their importance in life, are a curious and absorbing study.

In walking round the French Gallery the visitor becomes so impressed with the actuality of the canvases that he is apt to forget the paint and to treat the subjects as living men and women. No higher tribute to the genius of Raeburn can be offered.

HUGH STOKES.



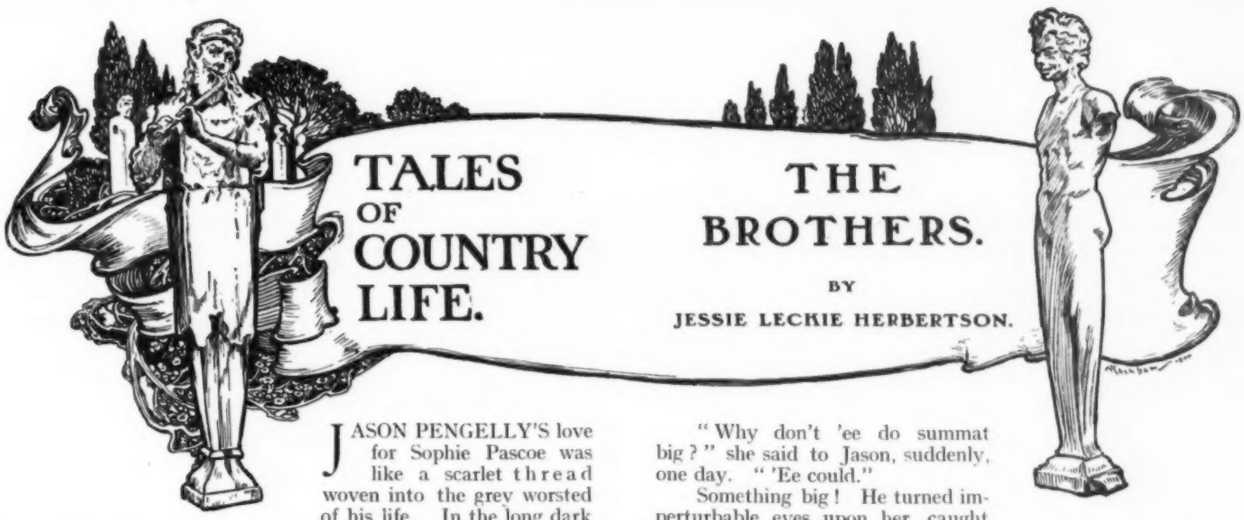
From a painting by WILLIAM SINCLAIR. *Raeburn.*



From a painting by LADY SETON. *Raeburn*



John Bushby. *BECALMED.* Copyright.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE BROTHERS.

BY

JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON.

JASON PENGELLY'S love for Sophie Pascoe was like a scarlet thread woven into the grey worsted of his life. In the long dark evenings, when the wind, like a giant trumpet, blew a long, hoarse note up the valley, and the trees in Polwhinnick Wood crashed together fiercely under its assault, he would rise and go to his door and throw it wide and call her name down the dead lull of the storm. The woodcutter's hut was built into a stack of pine logs and against the side of a swelling mound of thread-grass. A concealed eyrie, it commanded the valley. Maria Pengelly complained that her son spent most of his time in the woods: she saw little enough of him. She was a thin, pale woman who had once been beautiful; there was a story that in her youth the Squire had courted her, but that she would have none of him and would wed with Joseph Pengelly and no other. Her married life had not been a happy one, and before their time her two sons went into the fields to work. It was while busied at the threshing-machine that the elder, Eden, met with the accident that maimed him for life. Eden Pengelly was very like his mother to look upon, and for her sake the squire had promised to do something for the lad, who was the apple of his mother's eye. But, with the laying aside of Eden, the squire's intention was passed on to Jason; and when he became of age he was employed as woodcutter in Polwhinnick Wood. He had been given a choice of what he would like to do: he chose to become the possessor of the woodcutter's hut.

"Him might have chose summat better," the mother mused; and for a brief space turned her thoughts to consider the disposition of her younger son.

It was not until too late that Jason realised the chance he had missed; that was when he first knew that he longed to have Sophie Pascoe, in all her exquisite fragility and loveliness, for his own. Sophie Pascoe was like one of the delicate windflowers that shook out their transparent petals to the first faint caress of spring as she crept up the valley to Polwhinnick Wood. For Jason had chosen to be a woodcutter that he might become possessed of the woodcutter's hut which once, in a boyish escapade, he had discovered hidden away in a forest of bracken and tangled undergrowth, awaiting the moment of high adventure that must cast a glamour about its lonely and deserted estate.

Jason had shared his secret with none then; he did not share it now. As time passed the hut became a thing apart, the lair to which, in dark hours, he crept like some wounded beast. And he had his dark hours; when they came upon him he did not know himself, he felt only "there be summat wrong with I."

Eden fostered the conviction, his mother besides. They were happy, this mother and son, in his absences; though they lived on his bounty, they were not at one with him.

Sophie Pascoe made the fourth in the little household. She was in some fashion related to Maria, and had come to Polwhinnick three years ago. At first, it was Eden of the two brothers whom she liked the better, and he knew that. Seated beside his couch in the little living-room, she would listen to long monologues, in which he saw himself in Jason's shoes, with his advantages, spoiling the world of its thousand and one treasures. The while she listened entranced, he would picture for her, with ardency and longing, a future more real to him than that that must inevitably be his. It was through Eden's eyes she first began to see the future that might be Jason's, were Jason but alive to it.

Sophie Pascoe began to think of Jason; she began to look for the homecomings of the woodcutter with a sense of passionate coercion, with a growing desire to stir his pulses to adventure. Eden had given into her hands the key to knowledge.

"Why don't 'ee do summat big?" she said to Jason, suddenly, one day. "'Ee could."

Something big! He turned imperturbable eyes upon her, caught the spark of a glowing furnace of enterprise, started and coloured darkly. Something big! He took the words with him up through the wind-swept morning to the clean woods.

Sophie hid in her heart his brooding frown. Now Eden looked at her strangely, and Jason not at all. But thereinafter he called her name down the wind on a new note, deep and full, with the depth of his love and the fulness of his longing to weight it.

"Jason and 'ee ain't fallen out?" Maria questioned.

Sophie answered, "Us ain't."

But Eden from his corner laughed. His hands lay upon the coverlet, fine and white, like a woman's. He turned them over and over in the waning daylight; and he thought that, had he been Jason . . . For he lived through Jason, was Jason a hundred times a day.

Maria said, "An' Jason might have been aught, had he so pleased!" The words were often on her lips, a continual reminder of what her son had thrown away. She did not know that they were now, at last, on Jason's, that her prayer that they might some day be there was answered. For she had so prayed.

Now Jason thought, "What'll I be doing?" and, while the answer delayed, he wandered through the woods immersed in musings that were bitter and sweet.

The Squire came down to see Eden, to speak with the mother. He said, lightly, to her, when Sophie had left the room, and she and her son were alone with him, "What's to happen, Maria?" and added, "She'll soon be finding a man for herself; we'll have to be doing something for that son of yours."

That son! He meant Jason! Eden's beautiful mouth was suddenly wrung. His mother, noting all things for him, put out a hand and laid it upon his. When the Squire was gone, he lay for long with his face turned to the wall. How had he not seen, not known? Yes, it was true; Jason and Sophie would wed. He would lie here, helpless, and look on at their happiness. They would never know that, had he been strong as Jason . . . Now he knew that he had envied Jason all these years, Jason who had had all the opportunities that should have been his; Jason who had thrown them one by one aside until this last had come his way—and this last he would take.

Yes, Eden knew that Jason would take Sophie, while he, maimed and helpless, lay by. And Jason would never understand here, as in other things, the possibilities that were to his hand—the fineness, the loveliness, the chameleon vagary of his treasure. He, Eden, alone would know; as he, Eden, alone knew the possibilities in Jason himself. Jason was fit to be something more than a woodcutter; he was fit . . .

Here was his mother coming down the path from seeing the Squire mount and ride away. She, too, in her time had not known her own chances. There was a smile in her faded eyes, deep, tender. She came across the room and seated herself beside the couch; she laid a hand on his. She said, "Great things, Eden. The Squire ain't idle, him have a good heart to us all. Him be going to do summat for Jason; him have marked he whiles you and me ain't thought naught o' his moonings about. There be more in our Jason nor do meet the eye. Him'll do summat yet." She kissed him, stooping low. "Who knows," she murmured, "him might be making up to I for 'ee, dear life."

That was her simplicity. Her tears were on her face. Were they for him or for Jason? Until this moment he had had all her tears. Jealousy wounded his pent heart. He wanted to cry out to her to be silent and yet he wanted her to

speak. He had lain here all these years, to come at last to this. He lay motionless for long, thinking, thinking. And, as he thought, it was as if strength flowed through his veins, so that it seemed that to lie here was a mockery. He saw himself go up the valley shouting and laughing as when a lad, with the wind in his hair and the rain on his face. He had not felt the rain upon his face for twenty years.

He stared at his mother where she sat bent over some task. He longed to send her away that he might seek to rise. He felt he could walk alone, strongly, easily. He reached down a hand and touched the floor. He changed his position with a gasp for breath. How many hundreds of times Jason had taken him up in his strong arms and carried him to the window! He knew now that he had coveted that strength of Jason's that had found him but a feather-weight, that had held him without an effort and with certainty and assurance. So, or even more easily, might Jason lift Sophie and hold her close and fast.

She had not yet returned. Where was she? His mother had said she was in Polwhinnick. Ah, he knew better than that; she had gone up Polwhinnick Woods to meet Jason. There was an old hut there. Years ago, when he and Jason were lads, he had found it and had told Jason nothing of his find. He thought he would like to creep away there now and hide from the light and his fellows. The sight of the shanty had roused longings, and he had said to himself, "Some day en shall be mine." And, all these long years, while he had built pictures of what he would have been had he been Jason, he had been thinking: "But, if I was myself, I'd be a woodcutter." And he had wondered with an angry suspicion could it be that Jason had ever discovered the hidden eyrie that overlooked the valley and the sea. To-night he seemed to know that Jason had found it, and that all these years he had possessed it.

Now twilight was creeping up the valley, and his mother laid her needle by and went to the window and stared out. "Sophie be late," said she. "I'll have to be taking this here up to t'High Farm myself." She folded her work and laid it aside. She found her bonnet and fastened it. "'Tis a hour's walk," she said, "but belike I'll be getting a lift on the road." She lingered, loth to leave him even for an hour. "I might be seeing she come past I," she murmured at the last.

His longing for her to go was now so ardent he could hardly answer her. The expression in his eyes alarmed her and she declared her intention of remaining with him. When at length she went it was with haste. "The sooner I be gone, the sooner I'll be back," she said.

There were black clouds coming up from Polwhinnick. She returned for her umbrella and to tell him so. "There be a mort of wind in the tree-tops; en will be with us afore long," she allowed.

He lay motionless, listening to the sound of her retreating footsteps. His eyes on the leaded panes of the window, he saw her at length come out at the bend close to Cobeldick's farm. The moment had come, and all his strength seemed to have run out of him. He battled with a feeling of faintness, half raised himself, fell back, "I might have knowed en," said he.

But he was not yet beaten. He went up the valley, not shouting and singing—that had been a foolish fancy. But the wind was in his hair and the rain on his face. He had not known how beautiful the world was until this moment, nor how strong was he. His mother had warned him that he must never seek to make an effort to help himself—that had been her fancy; for was he not here, struggling on hands and knees up the valley and no penny the worse! His breaths were like sobs, which the wind carried away, and his limbs were like lead, and there had been many pauses in the kindly darkness; but he was here. After twenty years he was here. How fine the grass was. The scent of it, close to his face, was full of green life—the life he loved. The moon had risen, she flooded the valley with light. It might be day, so clearly were all things projected for him. He could almost see the wind as it swept by him like a horde of liberated furies, its shrill song fighting its life upward from a droning undertone to a full dissonance. He felt as if his heart were being torn from him, and with his heart his life. He tripped and fell, struggled a moment and lay still. Through closed eyes he seemed to see the bracken come together over him, the aromatic scent of rotting leaves was in his nostrils, his face was laid to their clean fragrance.

Now he could see a figure away up the valley; and he had been right, it was Sophie; but she had come to Polwhinnick Woods for him. She came lightly toward him, untouched of wind or rain. Her eyes were full of love, deep, tender; they looked straight through the bracken to where he lay concealed, sought and found and held him. In a last effort of strength he put his two hands up to his mouth and shouted her name up the valley; for he knew now that it was for this that he had come so far. . . .

Jason Pengelly, arrested, paused on the threshold of the death chamber, thrilled by the love call that had pierced the darkness and betrayed to him his brother's secret and his own.

THE SCOTCH FISHER-GIRL.

IT is a very great privilege to know the Scotch fisher-girl, and only a very special introduction at Yarmouth will open the gate to a somewhat exclusive land. Thoughtless journalists and zealous photographers have tried in vain to enter. "We're not wild beasts to be stared at" sent the photographer sorrowing away, and the journalist lost caste for ever.

Both the intruders mistook the people with whom they had to deal. They judged the girls by their work. They did not know—how could they?—that not merely girls who can gut fish are here but a whole community is represented with all its intellect its talent and its pride. Whole villages go to the fishing from the Moray Firth. They are the *fisher-people*, and each member of the family takes a part in the industry. As naturally as a duck takes to the water do the children turn to the fishing. It is a tradition, the mantle falling from Elijah's shoulders. In the winter the girls are engaged in mending the nets which have been destroyed at the fishings during the year. Each man may have half a mile to a mile of nets to repair, and the girls are experts at the work. They join heart and soul with their fathers or brothers in the task of preparing for the fishing. That is what they live for. The talk in the winter is of what has been at the fishing, to be presently replaced by what may be at the next.



S. H. Wrightson. *LANDING HERRINGS IN CRAN BASKETS.* Copyright.

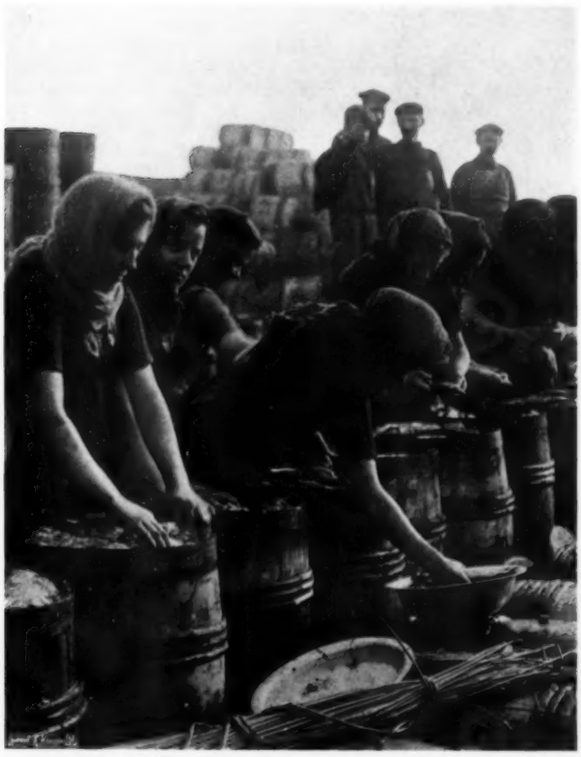
Meanwhile their hands are busy, if not with the nets, then with knitting, for

fathers and brothers and husbands want thick hose and new jerseys; they themselves have soft, thick stockings to replace, and probably new jerseys for the fishing. Some of the girls go to service, but not many. And then it is only for the winter months. At the call of the fishing, tradition reasserts itself; the fisher-girl is born again. She may bind herself to domestic service for a while, but blood is thicker than water. Her "ain folk" are going, and nothing short of a prison would keep her back.



F. M. Sutcliffe. *PACKING.* Copyright.

There is a story of a Highland girl who was brought to London to service. It was hoped that she would adapt herself to circumstances. In the morning a crowd gathered round the door. The Highland lassie was adapting circumstances to herself. Clad in a short gown and petticoat, with bare feet, she was swilling the steps. A leopard cannot change its spots.



S. H. Wrightson. Copyright.
SCOTCH LASSIES PACKING HERRINGS.

Associated with the Scotch fisher-people are those from Shetland. Meeting at the Shetland fishing, which is the first great fishing of the year, the Shetland men go forth with the boats to earn a living for the winter; the girls follow the herring, so that they, too, may provide for the barren months. In the Shetland Isles there is nothing else for the people to do; they have no other means of making money. During the winter they live on the earnings of the summer, with the help of the farm produce which each cottar can call his own. He possesses half an acre or more of land, a cow, some sheep and a few hens, and he makes the most of them. Butter and milk and eggs keep the family from want, and the wool from the sheep's back provides the clothing.

All this means work for the women, and right willingly do they go about it. When they are not digging up the peat to dry for fuel, they are on the potato-field. Early morning finds them milking the cow or feeding the hens; at nightfall they are bending over the spinning-wheel. In between times they are knitting . . . knitting—you never see a Shetland girl without her knitting. All the world knows of her beautiful work—scarves and spencers and soft Shetland shawls. But not all the world knows of the labour entailed, of the washing and spinning and winding and knitting. For one moment come to Shetland and see the fisher-girl at home on the peat isle. It is quiet and dull and very cold. But the air is beautifully clear and the Shetland girl's cheeks reflect the transparency; her figure responds to the healthy glow. Very poor are the people around; they depend on the fishing. If it



S. H. Wrightson. *OFF DUTY.* Copyright

has been poor, they live in hope for the next, and maybe run into debt with the grocer. Then is the Truck Act set at nought, for beautiful Shetland shawls pass over the counter to be sold in Glasgow and London for prices that would take away the breath of the girl who is worried over tea and sugar. The Shetland girls have no market for their work, and the middleman reaps the benefit. Providing for immediate wants, preparing for the future need, the winter wears away. The summer brings the fishing. Then the Shetland girls go down to the fishing stations and the Scottish girls come up. They all live together in the little wooden huts which the curers have built for them. Just a room is all the hut contains, a room with two beds. The fisher-girls do not live indoors; they only sleep beneath a roof. Nevertheless, they make their temporary homes comfortable. They bring wall-paper and their own handiness with them; their "Kists" hold pictures and photographs. It is remarkable of the fisher-girl that wherever she goes she takes her individuality with her. From the Shetland fishing she may pass to Aberdeen, to Fraserburgh, to Scarborough and to Grimsby, then on to Yarmouth and Lowestoft. But always she is the Scotch fisher-girl; pride of race is in her blood, the grace of forefathers in her heart. One can never forget that they are a people, these fisher-folk who go from fishing to fishing, making food for the winter; they do not change colour in the different dyes in which they dip. The diamond comes up, dimmed it may be, but still a diamond.

There are varieties even of such—one fishing village considers itself superior to another, and the young people do not intermarry. Very rarely does a fisher-girl marry outside her own folk, seldom outside her own village. She comes to Lowestoft and to Yarmouth year by year, but her affections remain untouched by the English lads. It may be, of course, because her own people come with her, and she lives and moves among them, or it may be because of a tiny, almost unconscious, distaste for things English. The fisher-girls are truly Scotch, in that they are clannish. A Scotch name, even with a stranger, is a passport to acquaintance. It makes all the difference. The fisher-girls are very decided in their likes and dislikes. If they do not "take" to a would-be acquaintance, they do not, and there is an end of it. They do not believe in dropping water on a stone. The designation "friend" is interesting. Only ties of blood admit one to the sacred state; "acquaintance" is good enough for the ordinary associate.

That she does not imitate is probably the secret of the fisher-girl's individuality. See her toss her head to one side in greeting—she never thinks to bow like the English lass—and regard her neat dress in a High Street of finery. She does not lay aside the check apron because the English-women go without; she does not purchase a hat because it is the fashion. Her dress is like herself—above criticism, because unique. She is very independent, although not obstreperously so. Her strong sense of justice, combined with her Highland pride, prevents her from ever bowing her neck to the oppressor. In Shetland this summer a foreign curer pretended to his women workers that he could not get the herring so as to give them work. The girls, knowing that what he said was untrue, that the high price was all that kept him from buying, rose in a body, marched to the fish market and protested before the whole community. They do not carry their independence to the extent of being ultra-particular. The accommodation provided on board the steamers for the fisher-girls often leaves much to be desired. At times they lie on the decks exposed to



T. W. F. Rowney. *LETTERS FROM HOME.* Copyright.



W. Reid. *THE FISHING BOATS.* Copyright.

the rain and spray, unless some compassionate sailor covers them over with a tarpaulin. They are usually too sick to move, even if there were shelter for them. They do not love the sea. It has exacted too heavy a toll of fathers, husbands and brothers; but the sea has made them what they are. The spray has kissed their cheeks into pæonies; the brine has given them health and vigour; the harvest has brought them work and independence.

PEGGY SCOTT.

THE HEART OF ASIA.—II.

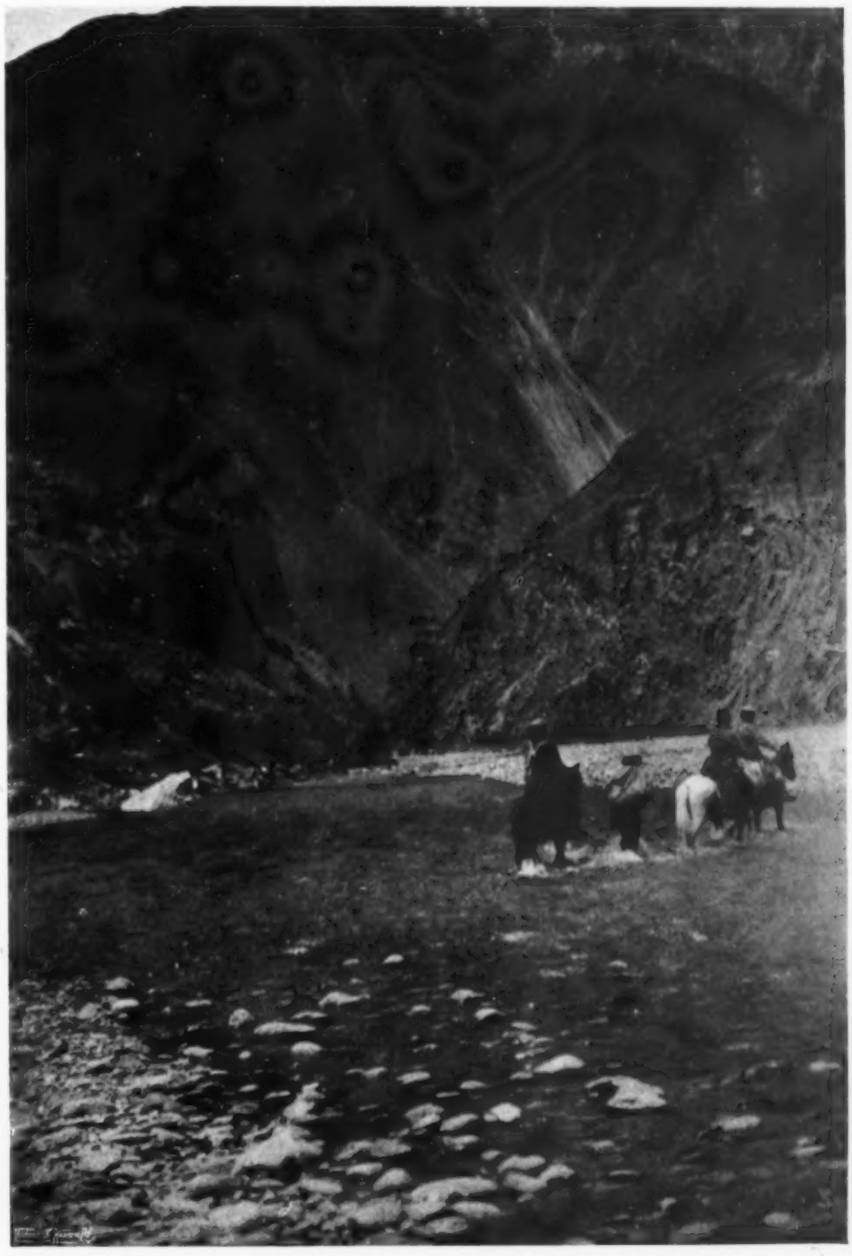
By LIEUTENANT P. T. ETHERTON, F.R.G.S.

FAR away in the heart of Asia, on the western confines of the Chinese Empire, stretches a great range of mountains, dividing Kashgaria from the Ili Valley and Northern Turkestan. The Thian Shan, the range in question, is bare along its southern slopes, while the northern are much intersected by valleys and ravines, many of them covered with dense pine forests. Here are found Asiatic wapiti, ibex, roedeer, wild sheep and bear, a land which may be justly considered a sportsman's paradise. It is a long and weary trek from India to these hunting-grounds, a trek which involves the crossing of those stupendous mountain ranges, the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush. To the northward of these great natural barriers the traveller must traverse the Pamirs, that land of high altitudes fitly designated the "Roof of the World." Thence a march of several hundred miles supervenes across the desolate plains of Chinese Turkestan to the Thian Shan, where the shikari finds such shooting as amply compensates him for the toil and hardship he has undergone.

The summer of 1909 found me in the pine forests of the Thian Shan after a march such as I have outlined. I do not propose to discuss the journey from India, and therefore pass over that stage of my expedition and commence my narrative of sport among the wapiti with an account of the animal in question. The Asiatic wapiti (Cervus canadensis songaricus) is one of the largest representatives of the deer family, being only surpassed in this respect by his American prototype. The habitat of this noble stag is the vast pine forests, and the most favourable season for his pursuit is the month of September, when they are more easily located, as the stags are then calling. Among the Chinese the horns, when in the unformed state, possess a medicinal value, and after being reduced to powder are employed for the cure of specific complaints, though as to whether any benefit results therefrom is open to doubt. The natural consequences of this persecution have been to sadly reduce their numbers, since many of the Kalmuk and Kazak nomads carry Russian breech-loaders, and, what is more, know how to use them, so that before long the Asiatic wapiti will have disappeared for ever from the pine forests of the Thian Shan, in the same way as the bison has passed from the prairies of North America. As a general rule the forests are densely timbered, and the ground is strewn with twigs and dead branches, so that it is extremely difficult to move about without making an exasperating noise. Tracking game is never an easy task, and this is particularly so in the case of the wapiti, who, in addition to his other attributes, is a great traveller and much on the move, sufficient argument that he is difficult to come up with.

September 16th saw me camped near the head of the Kok Terek Valley, noted ground for wapiti and a sure find, according to the utterances of my two Kalmuk hunters, Nurah and Numgoon. The Kalmuks are a race of Mongolian origin, and in religion Buddhists. Their hair is worn in pigtails after the manner of the Thibetans. All are splendid horsemen and rarely move anywhere unless mounted, though when out shooting they show to advantage on the hillside, as their footgear is eminently adapted for climbing and rough walking. Nurah was a famous hunter, his reputation in this respect having reached me far down in the Yulduz Valley, many marches to the east, and the route I had traversed on my way from India. The other man, Numgoon, was a most cheery soul, extremely hard-working and keen, and in his company I passed many pleasant hours.

On the morning of September 25th we were away at dawn tramping through the silent forests, pausing occasionally to listen for any sounds indicating the presence of our quarry. For the successful conduct of wapiti-hunting one should be



THROUGH THE HUNZA VALLEY.

capable of imitating the stag's call. This call does not lend itself to easy description, but resembles a long-drawn-out scream. Numgoon imitated it in camp by blowing down the barrel of my shot-gun, so this may give an idea of what it is like. It can also be done with the aid of a hollow reed stalk, one of which Nurah carried and manipulated with great skill. A climb of well over a thousand feet took us out on to open ground near the crest of the ridge, and it was while resting there that we heard a stag call in the forest below in answer to Nurah's efforts on the blow-pipe. The latter repeated the call, when it was taken up by two other stags. The one beneath us to the right was deemed the best, his deep-toned voice proclaiming him to be a big stag. We therefore struck off into the gloomy recesses of the forest, Nurah calling now and again to maintain touch with the quarry. It was necessary to proceed with great caution to avoid alarming the stag, all going well until we reached the cover of some rocks commanding an open stretch of ground about a hundred yards wide. Beyond this clearing the thick forest supervened, and we here decided to await events, hoping the stag would emerge from the forest on to the clearing. Presently we heard him crashing through the forest in search of his rival, until at last we obtained a momentary glimpse of him heading in our direction, so I adjusted the sights on my rifle and awaited his coming. A moment later he appeared on the edge of the opening, a noble picture indeed, and a true monarch of the forest. I covered him behind the point of the shoulder and pulled the trigger. He staggered heavily and a second shot brought him down. He proved to be a twelve-pointer with massive horns, altogether a fine head and worthy of addition to the already splendid collection of trophies in the regimental Mess. I lighted a fire while the two Kalmuks were busy taking off the head and skin, and then we roasted the fore legs, which contain excellent marrow, most palatable to the taste. Laden with the skin and antlers, we returned to camp, fording the stream at the foot of the hill, the water being icy cold, but otherwise easy.



IMITATING THE WAPITI'S CALL.

On September 29th I moved over into the valley to the west, bivouacking beneath some giant pines in an offshoot of the main valley. The night was cold and frosty, so we had a blazing fire of pine logs, and, warmed by its cheery influence, I listened with intense interest to the Kalmuks' ideas on animal life and many other subjects. Numgoon told me the fox is of a black colour for five hundred years, after which he changes to white for a similar period, when, having wearied of life and whiteness, he gladly dies. According to Numgoon, the skin of the latter is very valuable, and the Emperor of China, who apparently has a very useful collection of furs, has only one of these, they being very rare. With regard to the wapiti, if he dies a natural death he lives for five centuries, at the end of which he presumably quits this mortal life well stricken in years.

I was out at dawn the next day, heading through an enormous forest of pines until I reached an open ridge commanding the entire length of the Muntai Valley. It was nearly eight o'clock and our quest for wapiti had not met with success nor had we been able to locate any stags. We therefore sat down to discuss ways and means, and while thus occupied I caught sight of a stag going along the sky-line of the ridge on the opposite side of the valley. Nurah called on his blow-pipe, to which the stag responded. He then turned down into the forest below, where we lost sight of him. We started off to regain touch, the stag calling in a half-hearted sort of way until finally he ceased altogether. As it was now too late in the day to do anything, we adjourned till the afternoon, when our efforts to locate the wapiti were rewarded, for we heard the stag call quite close by. I waited on in the hope that a chance of a shot might offer itself, but when dusk came and with it indifferent light, I went back up the valley and bivouacked for the night in the forest. Both the Kalmuks were confident we should get on to the stags' trail next day, and as we were on undoubtedly good ground, I, too, was fairly sanguine. I started next morning before three o'clock, and at break of dawn had reached the crest-line of the Muntai Valley and the



THE PINE-CLAD SLOPES OF THE THIAN SHAN.



BAGGAGE PONY COVERED BY THE WATER.



BAGGAGE PONY EMERGING.

spot where we had heard the stag the evening before. From this point I held on through the forests to the west, and on the way sighted two wapiti, but both being small I left them in peace. Soon after a stag called in the forest on the far side of the valley, and as his tone proclaimed him to be a big one, we instantly took up the pursuit, Nurah and Numgoon being of opinion that he was our friend of the previous evening. A long descent through the forest brought us near to the valley bottom, and it was when nearing the stream which flowed therein that we sighted the stag heading downwards and seemingly inclined to cross into the forest on our side. A fallen tree-trunk afforded me cover from view, and a matter of ninety yards below and close by the water's edge was an open patch of ground upon which I trusted the wapiti would slow up and give me the chance of a shot. This duly eventuated, and when he appeared a shot behind the shoulder sent him rolling down, he turning a complete somersault, the while I feared his fine antlers would be broken. It was a pleasing trophy, fourteen points, and particularly well-shaped horns. One of the upper tines was smashed off, but, fortunately, in such a way as not to be noticeable.



MY KALMUK HUNTERS AND THEIR BIVOUAC.

That night after our return to the main camp we had a great bonfire to celebrate my good luck, when again my Kalmuks waxed eloquent on sport and life in the Thian Shan. The next day I moved to the ibex ground, where, at the close of a highly successful shoot, I resumed the onward march northwards, ultimately reaching the Trans-Siberian Railway, a trek of fifteen hundred miles.



14-POINTER WAPITI (49⅛in.).



OVIS KARELINI.

COVNTRY HOMES GARDENS OLD & NEW

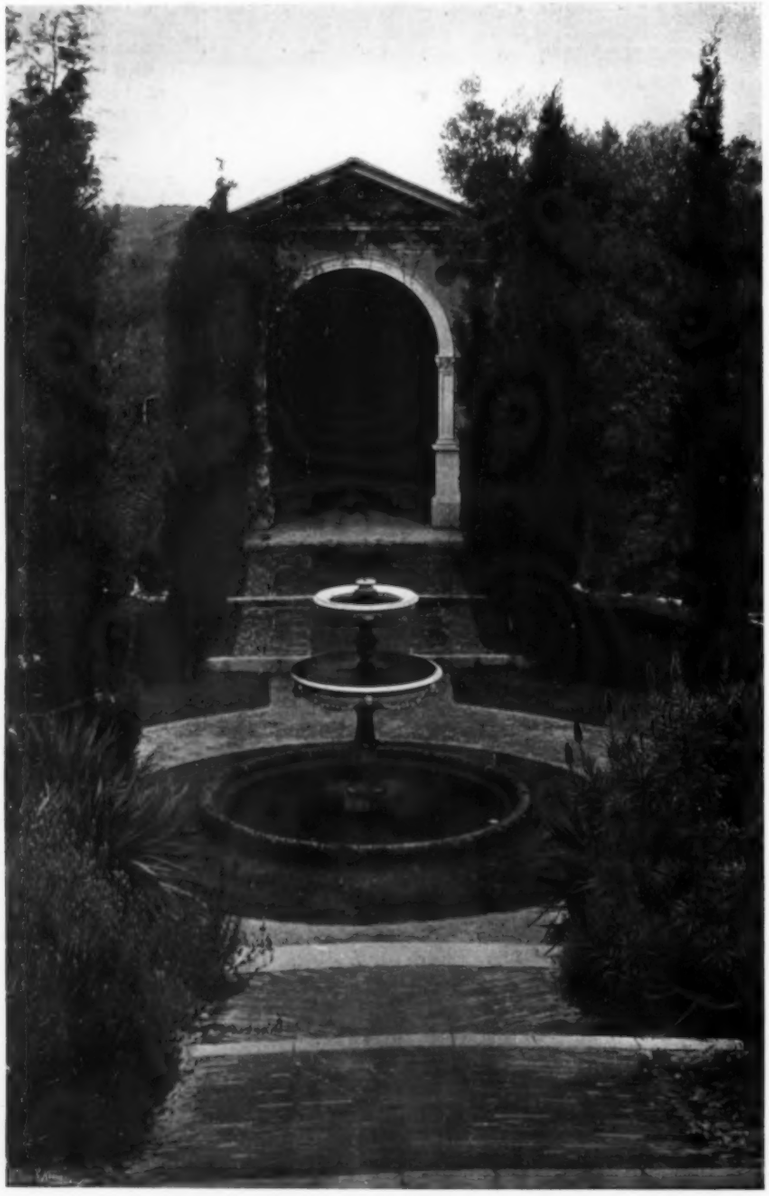
MARYLAND.—II.

ALPES MARITIMES.

THE RESIDENCE OF . .

MRS. ARTHUR WILSON.

LAST week we devoted our whole attention to the sections of the Maryland gardens that lie near the house and to the north of the dividing roadway. To-day we will cross the bridge that spans the road and descend into the lower or south garden. But the bridge itself deserves a word in passing. It starts at right angles to the balustraded walk that overhangs the road at the point where it is met by the central and widest of the cross alleys of the upper garden. Easy steps up and down follow the curve of the arch, which rises high to give ample headroom for the road traffic. The southern set of steps give on to a platform, from each side of which extensive curved stairways descend to the starting-point of the principal avenue of the lower garden, while the balconied front is an elevated point, from which not only the whole of the lower garden but also the southern area of the Cap St. Jean and the open sea beyond can be widely surveyed. This balcony appears in the second of to-day's illustrations, taken from just in front of the little garden temple, which forms the central feature of the first picture. The two together give a clear and complete idea of the character of the sloping ground and the mode of treatment adopted by Mr. Peto. The broad descending way is composed of slightly sloping sections of pathway paved with bricks, set alternately in rectangular or angular patterns and divided from each other by a shallow stone step. The descent leads to a level circle, in the middle of which is placed a two-tiered marble tazza, a product of modern Venice, but designed and produced under Mr. Peto's eye. From this platform there are side steps down to transverse paths, and also a continuance of the main descent for a short distance until the temple is reached. This temple is not merely a delightful closing object to the vista, but, being placed on the boundary of the Maryland property, blocks out the neighbouring plots. Very careful and effective planting has been schemed on either side of the paved descent. The tall Cypresses, while they give valuable vertical points to the whole garden, frame the main vista, and beneath them, edging the path, a colouring of blues and greys predominates. The principal materials for this are Lavender bushes and grandly flourishing plants of the blue-flowered and grey-leaved Echium, which, except for the colour of the blooms, is a near relation to the Kniphofia caulescens of our English gardens. In a third picture appears the long pergola, which starts from the base of the left-hand descent of the bridge stairway, and stretches its length close below and parallel with the road, until it reaches the eastern limit of the property. Hence the picture shows a wall of greenery to the right, but open views of sea and land to the left, with the Cypresses of the central descent standing up like sentinels. The pergola is composed of brick columns rough-casted, topped by plain squared capitals. On them rest pieces of quartering spanning the intervals between the columns and forming supports for the cross rafters. There is no simpler or more effective form of pergola. It allows—as it ought to in a subsidiary position detached from the house and its immediately supporting garden features—a minimum of architectural and a maximum of horticultural effect. It is a shapely but unobtrusive framework for the luxuriant growth of choice Roses and other climbers that rise up from the flower borders edging the path, embrace the columns and wreath the rafters. It is, therefore, fully in character



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Copyright. THE CENTRAL AVENUE OF THE LOWER GARDEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."

with the scheme of the lower garden, which, except for its one central feature that carries on the lines of the upper garden, is designed as a humble and subordinate member of the complete conception, and includes sections devoted to utilitarian purposes. But it is full of charm and interest, and it is with some regret that it must now be left and the house itself be visited and considered.

As stated last week, the house stands on the highest level of the property, thus ensuring admirable outlooks towards the four quarters. Of these the eastern was the least delightful, and here the offices are placed and occupy a corner close to the boundary and on a decidedly lower level than the main block of the house. This was important, for as considerable accommodation was needed, the danger was that the building, by its size and its dominant position, should overpower its surroundings and loom too large in the general composition. This danger has been skilfully avoided. There is adequate sky-line, variety of general form, ample and beautiful detail, but a certain compactness and reticence, which takes away all notion of the building being palatially extensive, or anything more than a well-equipped villa of comfortable amplitude. It must be remembered that comfortable amplitude in that climate means a different disposition to what is usual at home. Here we are accustomed to many enclosed rooms, and few, if any, half-open spaces. Loggias and open-air dining-rooms are more spoken about than adopted. And Englishmen are so apt to take abroad with them their ingrained habits, that even on the Riviera such desirable adjuncts are often omitted or grudgingly introduced. Not so at Maryland, where means of enjoying the air at all moments of the twenty-four hours during hot weather are as liberally given as of resorting to beautiful and well-warmed rooms when the Riviera has an occasional lapse into the wintry cold and raw dampness which are our portion at home for a large section of the year. Much of this is shown in the illustration taken from the bastion. The pathway, widening out to it and bordered by billowy masses of Viola and Aubrietia, occupies the foreground. To the left is the cloister arcading, the



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Copyright. *SOUTH FROM THE LOGGIA.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

cloister itself forming the most ample and varied of the open-air spaces. Shelter, shade and privacy can be obtained in one or other section of its lower floor, while the walk round the upper arcading is open to every breeze and every view, at the same time affording overhead shelter. Its vaulted roof, moreover, supports a terrace on to which the guest chambers open. The pathway in the illustration is seen leading to the steps of the marble-paved sitting-out terrace and to the three-arched loggia, which has doors into hall, corridor and salon. Above it the triple arch scheme is repeated, but each larger arch is divided into two smaller ones supported by a central shaft. This forms the arcading to a loggia connected with the principal bedroom suite. Again, on the top floor there are two important and delightful chambers, that each have their roofed loggias commanding superb panoramic views.

Thus Maryland is designed as a house of the Sunny South, and a completely Italian style of architecture was called for alike by its situation and its disposition. At the same time, it was borne in mind that it was an Englishman's house and was for inhabitance most especially throughout the winter months. While, therefore, many features strongly savouring of the earlier phases of the Italian Renaissance are noticeable, there was no attempt at merely reproducing the domestic style of Alberti or Michellozzo as seen in the Rucellai and Riccardi palaces at Florence, where the fenestration nearly resembles that of the first-floor loggia just described. Mr. Peto's strong



Copyright.

LOOKING NORTH FROM THE SEMI-CIRCULAR BASTION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

sense of form and fitness and his long experience enable him to combine precedent with originality and yet be certain of a wholly harmonious and agreeable result. Maryland is full of individuality. It is a modern house fully and efficiently adapted to the mode of living of its day. But if it is of its own generation it has a strongly marked heredity. It may have a character of its own, but it is clear that it has Florentine and Venetian ancestors, among which the Vandramini Palace perhaps pronounces itself most forcibly. Moreover, the structure of the house as well as its furnishing and the garden objects exhibit tokens of Mr. Peto's zeal and judgment as a collector of ancient Italian objects. The columns and figures flanking the main alley of the upper garden, and the tazza that occupies the centre of the cloister court, have already been alluded to. But in the cloister the heraldic panel, with its wreaths and scrolls, which is built into the outside of the parapet in front of the hall door, calls for notice, while the spandrels of the cloister arcading, both on the inner and the exterior sides, are set with extremely rare and interesting terra-cotta roundels—representing shields, animals and what not—certainly of the age of Lucca della Robbia. Originals by this master's own hand are far too rare and precious to be used for exterior work, even if they were purchaseable. But they are admirably reproduced, and copies of two of his finest bas-reliefs at Florence are built into the wall of Maryland on each side of the top-floor window above the two-storeyed loggia, as plainly appears in the illustration.

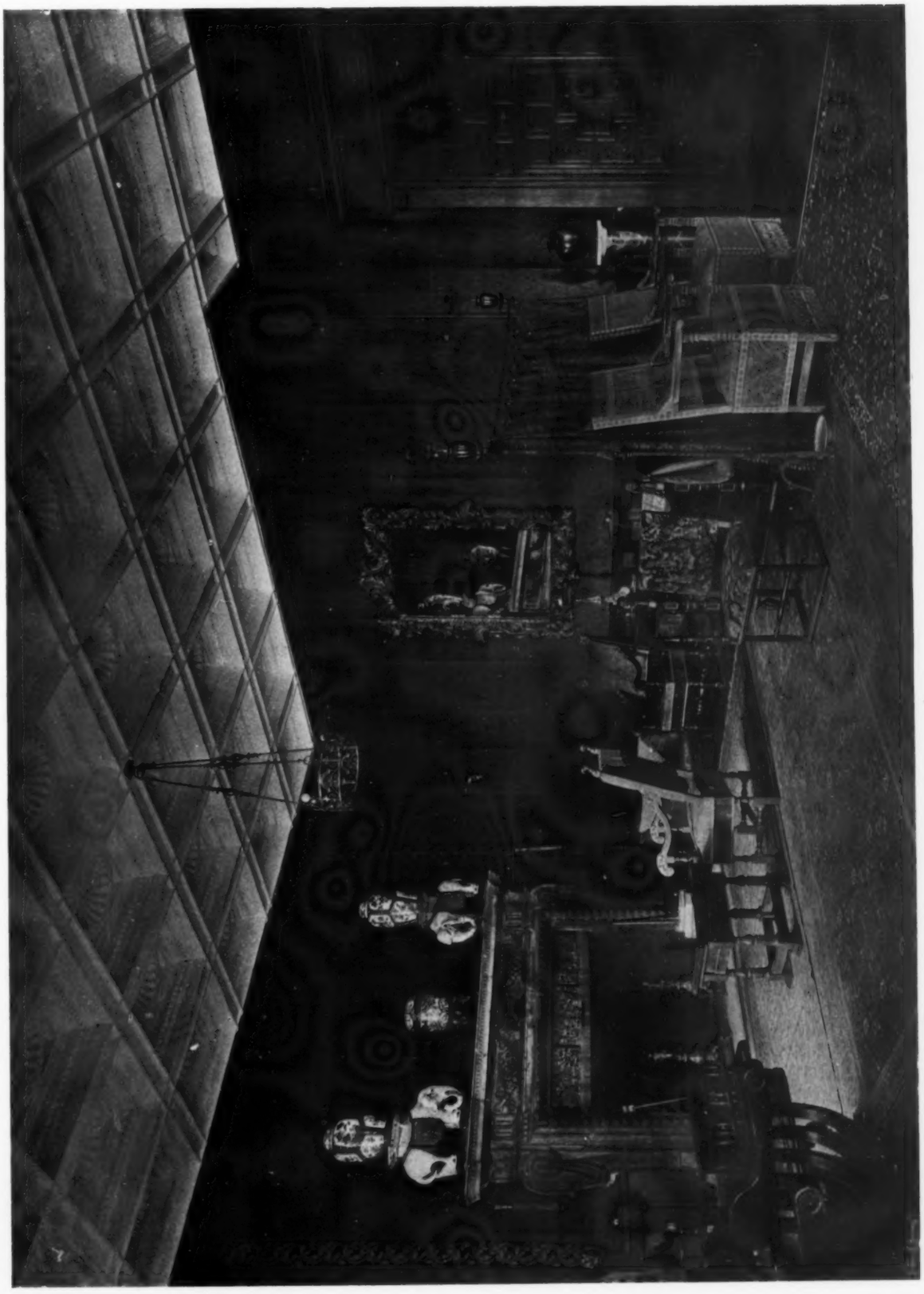


Copyright. *THE PERGOLA IN THE LOWER GARDEN.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

There is so much that is delightful about the exterior of this most thoughtfully and lovingly composed villa that we linger over each of the innumerable pictures which it makes in connection with its gardens. But it is fully time we ascended the cloister stairway and presented ourselves at the hall door. We enter a spacious room about twenty by twenty-six feet; facing us is a great open hearth, whose hood is supported on a corbelled out entablature of stone from which depends a piece of glorious Venetian appliqué work. To the right is the double door into the library, while next to the chimney-piece is the archway through which the staircase hall is reached. The ceiling of the entrance hall is of the beam and rafter type, and the spaces between the rafter corbels are filled with painted panels representing coats of arms, heads of knights in battle



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"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE SALON.

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Copyright. *THE DINING-ROOM.* "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. *THE ENTRANCE HALL.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

array and other kindred subjects, all of which came from the Soncino Castle in Lombardy. Together with Italian examples there are also French chairs of the time of Louis XIII., their frame of walnut and their covering of *petit point*. Left of the fireplace is the door into the loggia, but the illustration does not include that or the windows. Of these, a great one opening on to the sitting-out terrace commands, as was mentioned last week, the vista down to the pool and temple at the western boundary of the property. There are also two south windows looking into the cloister court. One of these looks down on to the ascent of the cloister stairway, while at the end of the delightful tunnel formed by the shell pink columns and pearl white vaulting of the cloister is framed a brilliant picture of earth and sea and sky. It is difficult to discover a window at Maryland that has not been provided with an outlook where a carefully prepared foreground gives value to a lovely piece of Nature in the distance. Thus the dining-room, which is placed on the back or north side of the house, has nothing dull about it.

A north room is a valuable part of a Riviera house intended for use in autumn and spring as well as in winter. And as, at Maryland, it projects from the facia of the north side, it has narrow windows to east and west as well as three wide ones to the north. Though the boundary of the property is near, the ground falls so rapidly that little is seen beyond the immediate foreground and the distance, and so the neighbour properties count for nothing. The foreground is arranged as a platform surrounded by trees and plants, in the centre of which rises a tall column forming the pedestal of a winged figure with one foot poised on a globe. It is not only a beautiful object in itself; it also helps, by its size and nearness, to add to the far-away look of the scene beyond. Beaulieu appears rising up from the waters of its bay until it reaches the rocky bluffs of the outliers of the maritime Alps. The room itself is severely simple in style, the appearance of a Southern refectory having been aimed at. In size it approaches thirty by twenty feet, and has a perfectly plain plaster vaulting supported on carved corbels of slight projection. The undecorated plaster hood of the fireplace rests on an exceptionally fine fifteenth century Italian corbelled-out entablature. Below a cornice with one enriched member runs a honeysuckle frieze with an armorial device in the centre, while the returns are occupied by heads which probably represent the original possessor and his wife. The table and sideboard are admirable examples, in untouched condition, of the best that Switzerland could produce when the sixteenth century was closing or the seventeenth opening. The table, especialy, of the "draw-out" type, with inlaid top and carved tressle legs, is a most precious and unusual piece, and deserves a place in a national collection. The chairs and other furniture and objects are in perfect harmony with these important pieces, while the plain whitewash of walls and ceiling is the apt background of a picture which is extremely restful and yet perfectly satisfying to the eye. The dining-room has a serving way from the office quarter, but the doorway seen in the illustration opens from the broad corridor extension of the staircase hall and is exactly opposite to a window-door on to the loggia. A few feet more and this corridor ends with the great portal of the salon, into which are fitted a pair of immense and richly decorated doors originating in sixteenth century Spain. Of these a special detail is given It is not, therefore, necessary to describe the interesting panel scheme or the charming and varied motifs which occupy every panel, whatever its size and shape. But the great beauty of the execution and the vigorous carving of the masks and strapwork cartouches that occupy the central panels of the lower scheme can only be realised by seeing the thing itself. The salon is an ample apartment forty feet long and having, opposite to the great doors and in the middle of its west side, a large bay or projection of which the central window looks on to the special garden enclosure and the long alley described last week. Its chimney-piece is on the same vast scale as the pair of doors and of much the same date, but it is not of Spanish but of Italian origin, and is boldly and deliciously wrought in *pietra serena*, a kind of grey slate. It is the size of these two features



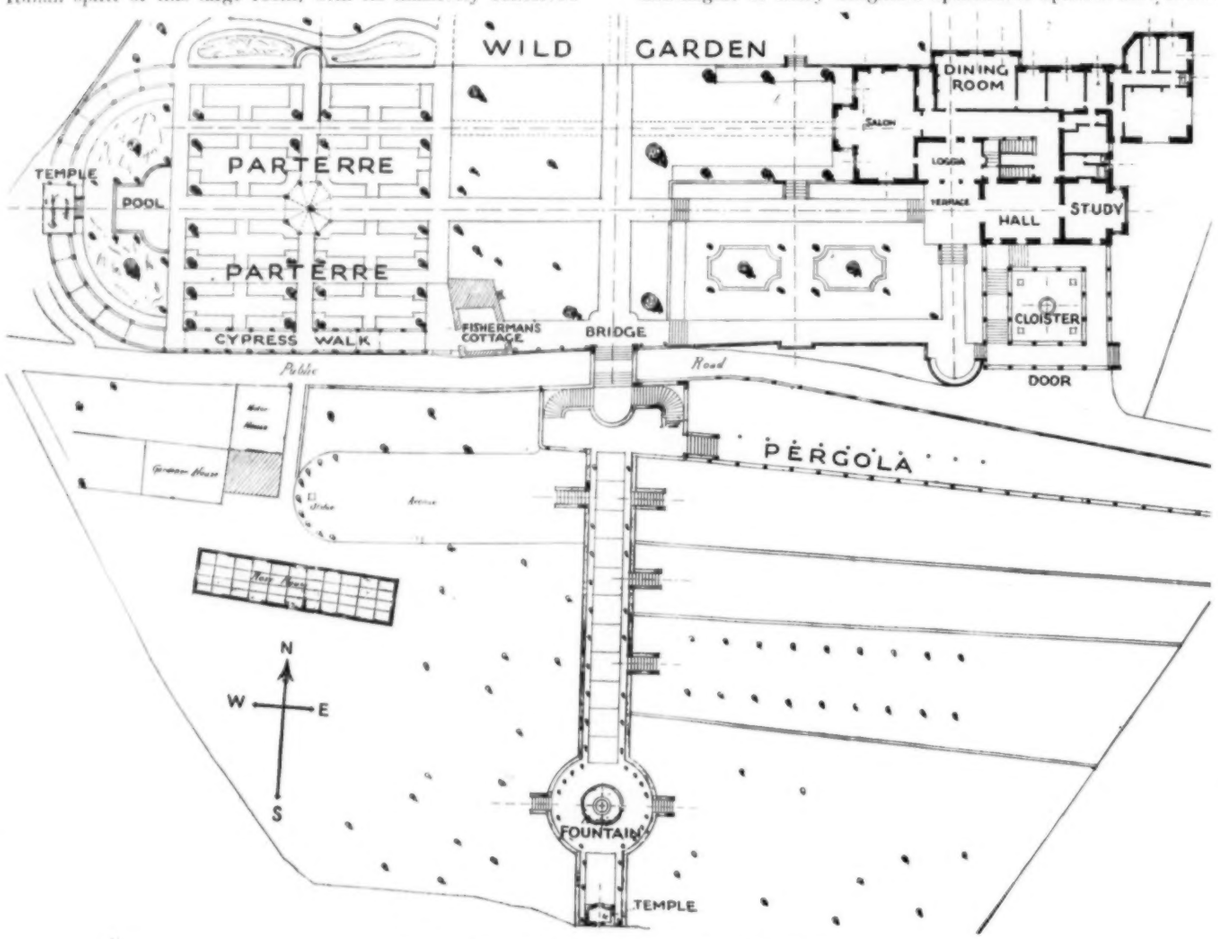
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ANCIENT DOOR FROM SPAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that, in the picture, rather dwarfs the room, which is really about sixteen feet high.

Very fine as are the great Oriental elephants, bearing proportionate vases, they tend, unnecessarily, to increase the effect of making the room lower than it is, and perhaps some rearrangement of the *decor de cheminee* might produce a more entirely pleasing appearance. It must be remembered that the Italian spirit of this large room, with its massively conceived caisson ceiling, calls for the effect of height; and everything should be done to realise that effect, as the desire not to make the elevation of the house overwhelming led to the adoption of a height for the ground floor which was just enough, but not an inch too much, to give right proportion to the largest of the rooms. After the cool and quiet tones of the dining-room, the salon produces a strong contrast of richness and colouring. The walls are hung with red damask—a careful reproduction of an old Italian pattern. This is hung loosely and arraswise, which gives pleasant play of light and shade, although the system is merely adopted for the purely utilitarian reason that the damask is thus much more easily taken down for the summer, when, in the absence of human occupants, moths reign undisturbed. Other beautiful stuffs, such as the damask and *petit point* tapestry of the upholstered chairs, together with fine Oriental rugs, combine to create a warm yet mellow colour scheme. Every piece of furniture and every decorative object has been chosen with care and placed with judgment. That, indeed, may be said of every room in the house, of which the salon is merely the principal and largest of many delightful apartments upstairs and down.



PLAN OF MARYLAND AND GARDENS.

Not that Maryland can for a moment be called a great house. It has not the Italian characteristic of a suite of rooms for occasional and ceremonious usage. The whole of it is for the daily use of its occupants and their guests. It combines something of the spaciousness and absence of crowding, which are the good points of the Italian palazzo, with the comfort and fulness dear to the Englishman. The stiffness and bareness which mar the one scheme, and the clutter and fussinesss too often present in the other, are alike avoided. Just what an Englishman's Mediterranean home should be, that Maryland is. It is a complete conception realised at every point, a difficult problem solved in all its details. T.

HISTORICAL MONUMENTS COMMISSION

THE Royal Commission appointed in October, 1908, "to make an Inventory of the Ancient and Historical Monuments and Constructions connected with or illustrative of the contemporary culture, etc., of the people in England . . . from the earliest times to the year 1700" has just issued its first report in the form of "an Inventory of the Historical Monuments in Hertfordshire." Seeing that the whole of the machinery of the Commission had to be created, its staff to be organised and its scheme of operations to be drawn up, two years cannot be called too long an interval for the compilation and issue of such a first report as that under notice.

As Lord Burghclere's preface tells us, this "volume contains (in addition to the terms of appointment and official report) a general historical introduction; an illustrated inventory, with a concise account of the monuments visited; a list of monuments that the Commissioners have selected as especially worthy of preservation; a glossary of architectural, heraldic and archæological terms; a map showing the topographical distribution of the scheduled monuments, and an index."

The respective monuments are arranged alphabetically under parishes in a chronological sequence based on the following order: (1) Prehistoric monuments and earthworks; (2) Roman monuments and Roman earthworks; (3) English ecclesiastical monuments; (4) English secular monuments; (5) Unclassified monuments. "In addition to dwelling-houses, the English secular class (4) includes all such earthworks as mount and

bailey castles, homestead moats, etc. To the section of unclassified monuments (5) are assigned undateable earthworks, as, for instance, unopened tumuli."

The Hertfordshire inventory forms a quarto volume of three hundred and twelve pages (exclusive of the preface and report). It begins with an historical introduction of twenty-six pages, which is of itself quite a model document, covering as it does every branch with equal fulness and yet model succinctness, and the castles and other secular buildings especially receive proper attention.

The inventory proper is printed in double columns, and though the accounts of the several monuments "are of necessity much compressed," they are sufficient in themselves to give a very fair idea of the archæological remains in each parish, and every effort has been made to ensure accuracy. In this the Commissioners have been able to command the expert help of Messrs. Page and Peers, the editors of the volumes of the Victorian County Histories, a publication conducted on similar but, of course, fuller lines.

Some idea of the contents may be gathered from the enumeration of the underlying principle on which they are based. "Thus in the case of ecclesiastical monuments, the description begins with a few words on the situation and material of the monument, together with a statement as to the historical development of its various parts. A second paragraph calls attention, when necessary, to its more remarkable features. This is followed by a concise description, mainly architectural, of its details. A fourth paragraph deals with the fittings of churches in alphabetical order, while the concluding sentence gives a general statement as to structural condition. The accounts of less important buildings, whether secular or ecclesiastical, are still further compressed, and, in the case of secular monuments, consist sometimes of a single paragraph." The following section, selected quite at random, of a "monument" at Aldbury will serve as a specimen of the method of the inventory:

> "(2) HOUSE, about 100 yds. E. of the church, opposite the pond, probably built in the 16th, and altered in the 17th century. It is of two storeys, the upper projecting. The walls are of timber and brick; the roofs are tiled. A room on the ground floor has a little 17th-century panelling, and a stone fireplace with a four-centred head and the date 1516 scratched in one spandrel. Condition—Fairly good."

The concluding words are a reminder that the Commissioners have not been unmindful of the present condition of the monuments of Hertfordshire, and it is satisfactory to note, from the concluding paragraph of the introduction, that it is "on the whole good." Both the County Council and the Urban District Councils are reported to be "alive to the advantage of preserving the ancient monuments in the country," and to have exercised their powers by acquiring and protecting several important examples. The majority of the churches are also pronounced to be in a sound state of repair, but a number of cases where such is needed are pointed out, and the Commissioners are wise enough to say that "the unrestricted growth of ivy is doing damage to the walls" of several interesting churches. They also report that the ancient secular buildings are "for the most part well cared for," though injudicious repairs in the past "have tended to detract from the interest of many of them from the archæologist's point of view." Though many of the earthworks have been much damaged in the past, little destruction seems to be threatened at present except at Ravensburgh Castle, where the Commissioners report the recent planting of young trees and undergrowth, "which in time will do considerable harm and largely destroy the archæological interest of this very fine fortress." These weighty words might be taken to heart by many owners of similar historical monuments, who usually regard an important earthwork as of no value except to plant with trees and become a covert for game and vermin.

It is encouraging to note throughout the inventory that the terminology is that in use among the foremost of our archæological students: the heraldic descriptions, for instance, are free from the involved repetitions and bastard French terms affected by "heralds," and it is refreshing to meet with simple words like "border," "razed," "lion," "paty," etc. English names, such as frater, dorter, etc., are used to describe monastic buildings, and the descriptions of castle-earthworks distinguish clearly between mount and bank, and so on.

Both introduction and inventory are interspersed with an instructive and fairly numerous series of illustrations. In the text are inserted useful plans of earthworks, buildings and towns, and the full-page plates, besides including such plans as could not be given in the text, reproduce photographs specially taken for the Commissioners of typical buildings and architectural details illustrative of the monuments of the county generally. Churches naturally furnish the larger part of these, but they include such objects as the Roman Wall of Verulam, the clock tower at St. Albans, and the Eleanor Cross at Waltham, while the secular buildings include such typical examples as Aston Bury, Hatfield, Berkhamstead School, Rothamsted, Hardham Hall, North Mimms Park, Queen Hoo at Tarvin, the mediæval rectory house at Therfield, and the abbey gatehouse and some houses in St. George Street at St. Albans.

The "List of Monuments selected by the Commission as especially worthy of preservation," in accordance with the terms of their reference, includes nearly one hundred items, ranging from tumuli and other earthworks to castles, churches, houses monumental tombs and effigies, screens, ironwork, etc.

The Glossary is not only ample, but quite educational in itself, and the definitions, *e.g.*, of "Arch," "Cross," "Houses," "Road," "Vaulting," are models of information.

Taken as a whole, the Hertfordshire inventory is a document of first-rate value and importance, not only from its local interest, but as forming the beginning of a series embracing the whole of England. The next volume is to include Buckinghamshire.

We have only one word apart from general commendation—that a work of such size and bulk ought to have been issued in something better than paper covers, and its price should have been other than the unusual sum of eleven shillings and sixpence.

W. H. ST. JOHN HOPE.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE PERPETUAL OR WINTER FLOWERING CARNATIONS.

SO rapidly have developments taken place in the horticultural world during the past twenty years that it is exceedingly difficult, though not devoid of interest, to look back upon that period and realise fully the wonderful changes that have been made. Twenty years ago the Sweet Pea as we know it to-day did not exist; the wonderful Hybrid Tea and wichuraiana Roses were an almost, if not quite, unknown quantity; and the beautiful winter-flowering, American or Perpetual-flowering Carnations that grace our conservatories and dwelling-houses to-day were represented in this country by a few varieties that modern growers would not think of cultivating except for their historical interest. It is true that a few kinds of flowers remain practically "as they were," but with the majority, and indeed in horticulture generally, progress has been marvellously rapid and mostly tending towards the improvement of the various branches of gardening.

It is not, however, intended to make of this article a review of horticulture of the last two decades, but rather to deal with the Perpetual-flowering Carnations, which are so valuable a floral asset in the days of winter when it is difficult to obtain other flowers in quantity except by hard forcing, a costly process which, even when brought to a successful conclusion, only gives us flowers that are weak, badly coloured and short-lived. The Carnations referred to, however, grow and flower naturally and freely in a moderately warm greenhouse, and the blossoms will last in good condition for a fortnight when cut and placed in water in a cool room.

The history of this race is not an ancient one. It is on record that Tree Carnations were grown at Ollioules in France as long ago as 1750; but little appears to have been heard of them from that time until about 1844, when a variety was raised at Lyons that was destined to be one of the forbears of the new race. From that time until 1852 quite a number of varieties were raised in different parts of France, and these were called by the raisers Remontants. In the last-named year a French florist, M. Charles Marc, who lived near New York, imported the first flowers of this race of Carnations to the United States, in which country they eventually formed a very extensive commercial asset. From that time onwards these flowers were grown on a rapidly increasing scale, principally for cut flowers, until in 1895 Mr. Peter Fisher of Ellis, Mass., was fortunate enough to raise the pink-flowered variety Mrs. T. W. Lawson, the stock of which he sold to Mr. T. W. Lawson for thirty thousand dollars.

It was about 1890 that some of the American-raised varieties began to find their way into Great Britain; but it is only during the present century that their cultivation has been undertaken on anything like a general scale by growers in this country. Such, then, is the history in brief of a flower that has during the past few years become so indispensable in our homes during the winter months and which has been given the expressive name of Perpetual-flowering. It should, perhaps, be mentioned that the American varieties, owing to their ragged petals and unkempt-looking flowers, when first introduced met with considerable hostility from Carnation specialists in this country; but there are now quite a number of British-raised

seedlings with smoother and more refined flowers that even the most fastidious Carnation expert cannot afford to ignore. Unfortunately, many of the modern varieties are almost devoid of fragrance, a feature to which raisers will, it is to be hoped, turn their attention.

It is as cut flowers that these Perpetual Carnations are of the greatest value, and their cultivation for market purposes provides work annually for a vast number of men. Many thousands of blooms find their way to Covent Garden Market during the autumn, winter and spring months; and as the modern varieties possess stout, long stems they are admirably adapted for artistic arrangement. As pot plants, viewed from a decorative standpoint, these Carnations are almost a failure. Though a plant will continue to flower for some months, it is seldom that more than three or four blooms are open on it at one time, and this apparent sparseness of flowering, coupled with a somewhat gaunt plant, does not commend them when in this state. However, for the sake of the flowers when cut, many owners of private gardens in this country are rightly insisting on a number of the best varieties being grown.

It has already been stated that their cultivation does not necessitate a highly heated structure during the winter months, and for the whole of the summer and autumn quite a cold house is suitable, so that their cultivation does not make excessive demands on the fuel, nor does it call for more than ordinary care on the part of the cultivator. Bearing in mind that the Carnations of this race, in common with the older border types, are perfectly hardy in the South of England, especially if kept from excessive rain and fog, it will be recognised that they will not require, nor appreciate, an excessively high artificial temperature, and will demand free ventilation whenever possible. Briefly, their cultivation is as follows: Cuttings are taken from old plants any time from November till early March, selecting non-flowering shoots and slipping them off the parent with a slight heel.

The lower leaves are cut off, and the cuttings planted in clean, moist silver sand in a close glass case where a temperature ranging from 50deg. to 55deg. Fahr. can be maintained. Here they will quickly form roots, and when they are seen to be making growth each is potted separately into a tiny pot known to gardeners as a small thumb, the soil for this potting consisting of good, rather finely sifted loam, with a fair proportion of sand added. After being kept in a rather close and warm temperature for a few days, the young plants are gradually given more air, and kept close up to the glass. As they require it, and growth is fairly rapid, especially in the spring months, they are transferred to pots of larger size, until by early summer the first rooted cuttings will be in pots six inches or seven inches in diameter, and the later ones in five-inch pots, in which respective sizes they will flower the following winter. Soil for the final potting should consist of two parts good fibrous loam, a little well-decayed farmyard manure, a sprinkling of wood-ashes and coarse sand, and a quart of bone-meal added to each bushel of the mixture. At this final potting the soil ought to be rammed moderately firmly.



TERRACE AND TOP OF DRY WALL (GLAMIS CASTLE).



MICHAELMAS DAISIES AND LARKSPURS AT GLAMIS.

When thoroughly established in these pots the earliest plants may go into a cold frame until the middle of May, when they can be stood outdoors on ashes and given the same treatment as Chrysanthemums, except that manuring must not be done so freely. By the end of August the plants ought to be taken into the cool greenhouse ready for winter flowering. In the spring, after they have finished flowering, the old plants may be cut back to within a few inches of the soil and allowed to grow on during the summer for flowering again the following winter.

As an outdoor flower during the summer months the Perpetual-flowering Carnation is excellent. For several years past I have procured a few plants in six-inch pots in April, stipulating that they possess some good flower-buds, and early in May these are planted outdoors. If treated carefully they do not appear to feel the check, and the buds present open by the end of the month or early June. From then onwards until well into October the plants are seldom without flowers of good quality. Last year I had a plant each of the varieties Britannia and Mrs. H. Burnett, both raised in Great Britain, and these stood outdoors the whole winter without protection of any kind. In the spring it was found that the shoots had been

killed for some distance down, so hard cutting back was resorted to. The result was a mass of new bushy growth, and early in August both plants commenced to flower freely, and in mid-November passably good flowers and a host of buds could have been gathered, notwithstanding the fact that severe frosts, one night 10deg., had been experienced for nearly a fortnight. Those interested in these flowers should attend the exhibition to be held in the Royal Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster, on Tuesday, the 13th inst.

The following may be regarded as a good selection of varieties for general purposes: Britannia, scarlet; Mrs. H. Burnett, pink; Lady Alington, salmon pink; White Perfection; Winsor, silvery rose pink; Carola, dark crimson, large and fragrant; Nelson Fisher, cerise pink; Harlowarden, dark crimson; Mikado, dark heliotrope; Rose Doré, rose pink; Royal Purple; Jessica, white, striped scarlet; Oriflamme, glowing copper, flaked crimson, not very free-flowering; Enchantress, pink; and Lady Bountiful, white. F. W. H.

AUTUMN FLOWERS AT GLAMIS CASTLE.

IN those gardens where space is not limited, the custom of arranging certain portions so that they will be at their best at a particular season has, during recent years, been given much attention, and in some places there are gardens for each season of the year. At Glamis Castle, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore have recently had formed an autumn garden, *i.e.*, a garden wherein the plants shall be at their brightest and most interesting stage during the autumn months. Such a garden is not difficult if carried out on ordinary lines, because autumn is a season when a wealth of hardy flowers may be had with comparative ease. But the autumn garden at Glamis Castle is not an ordinary one, inasmuch as a dry wall is one of its most interesting and prominent features. This forms the retaining wall for the terrace, and the top portion of it is shown in one of the illustrations. The other and deeper face of the wall fronts the sunk garden and faces due north, hence the plants grown in its crevices are retarded, and do not flower so early as they would under sunnier, and perhaps more natural, conditions. Annual flowers which naturally flower late in the summer are freely used in this wall, and these, when once established, seed and reproduce themselves liberally. The garden itself is laid out in formal beds, with Box edgings, so as to be in keeping with the castle, and these are filled with annual and perennial plants that flower in autumn. The other illustration depicts one of these beds that is filled with perennial Asters or Michaelmas Daisies, the beautiful dwarf-growing species, Aster Thompsonii, being shown to great advantage in the foreground. On the extreme left of this illustration there is a large group of red Larkspurs. In addition to the formal beds, a long, straight herbaceous border is one of the chief features of this garden, and in it Lilies, Japanese Anemones, Phloxes, Antirrhinums, Hollyhocks and Azaleas are freely grown, the latter on account of the beautiful foliage tints which they provide during the autumn months. Such Lilies as auratum, giganteum and tigrinum Fortunei thrive admirably in this garden and, as they flower in the late summer and autumn months, add much to its interest and beauty. The photographs from which the illustrations were prepared were taken on October 20th this year.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

WHILE the publication of many important books has been delayed till the excitement and disturbance of the General Election are past, the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have very properly issued the last volume of that great work, "The Cambridge Modern History" (Cambridge University Press). Volume XII. bears the general title, *The Latest Age*, and practically completes the work. It will be remembered that the work was originally planned by the late Lord Acton, the present editors assumed their duties in November, 1901, and the first volume appeared before the end of 1902. If it were possible for those engaged in the present struggle to rest a while from it, they could not do better than prepare for giving their votes by a study of this calm and exhaustive examination of the state of European politics to-day. It is impossible for us to touch upon any but a few topics, as included in this survey are authoritative expositions of the history of France since 1871, of Germany, of Austria-Hungary, of the Low Countries, of the Iberian Peninsula, of Scandinavia, of Russia, of Turkey, of Japan and the rest of the world, in addition to a review of strictly British history. But we naturally turn to the chapter by Mr. Stanley Leathes on Great Britain, as it summarises our political history from the elections of 1868 up to the present moment. The period begins when Gladstone was at the zenith of his power. He was in his sixtieth year, but in the prime of life and vigour, and he and the powerful Ministry he had formed attacked the questions of the hour with the greatest energy. The late Mr. William Edward Forster, as Vice-President of the Council, had the honour of dealing with the educational problem, and will ever be associated with the Act which came into operation in 1870. Mr. Cardwell was Secretary for War, and is fairly described as "a clear-headed and capable administrator." It was his business to undertake the reform of the Army. Gladstone's own mind was intent on the pacification of Ireland, and he began that long series of legislative efforts which earned for him little Irish gratitude and awakened much mistrust on this side of the Channel. It is impossible to say that Ireland has yet been pacified, and probably no trustworthy verdict will be pronounced on the merits of Gladstone's policy till at least another generation has passed away. It was in 1873 that Gladstone assumed the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe not having been a very distinguished success. The Prime Minister was intent upon economy, and the Dissolution of 1874 took place because he pressed substantial reductions upon Cardwell for the Army and on Goschen for the Navy. Mr. Gladstone's appeal to the country in 1874 was on a policy of reduced expenditure and the abolition of income tax. In the light of successive events it is not possible to say that he exercised much skill as a prophet. The income tax, which he then regarded as a war tax and thought could be easily dropped, has been gradually increased by successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, and is now one of the most important and permanent sources of Revenue. No politician believes now in its abolition, and no financier ever thinks of bringing forward a scheme for its reduction to the normal sum at which, according to the old school, it should stand during times of peace.

Gladstone's dream of more economic and cheaper management of Imperial concerns has also been rudely dispelled. The opposing parties have vied with one another in swelling the national expenditure. We have had it increased on one side by a vast growth in armaments, which many consider has not been vast enough, and on the other by the expense of social legislation. Nor does there seem to be any immediate prospect of this tendency changing. There is ever a more clamorous demand for the security which a great Navy can alone give to an Island State, and for new social work to be undertaken. The State since those days of Gladstone's prime has acknowledged its financial responsibility, among other things, for educating and, to some extent, feeding the children of the poor, for medically inspecting them, and for feeding the unemployed. Even in 1868 the country seemed to see more clearly than the Prime Minister that the income tax could not be repealed, and at the General Election Disraeli obtained a majority of fifty over Home Rulers and Liberals combined. Mr. Leathes draws a striking comparison between the two great protagonists of the moment:

> Gladstone was earnest and devoid of humour; Disraeli was ironical and imaginative. Gladstone looked on government mainly from the Treasury point of view; Disraeli had a vivid sense of the romantic aspects of the British imperial position. Gladstone was a High Churchman, and the leader of Nonconformists; Disraeli was a Jew, and the champion of moderate evangelical churchmen. Gladstone began life as a Tory, and was driven by his irrepressible energy into the reforming party; Disraeli began life with vague visions of extensive social reform and made his first mark in politics by supporting the Chartist petition (1839); he became a Conservative because the things he most cared for were valued by the Conservative party. Gladstone made more impression in his generation; Disraeli had a shorter lease of power, but bequeathed a tradition and a policy. Gladstone found a strong party and ruined it for twenty years from 1886; Disraeli found a weak party and nursed it into strength.

The historian in this passage is to some extent led away, as Macaulay before had been led away, by his search for striking antithesis. He misses out the fact that Gladstone's chief claim to posterity is that he cleared up and reduced to order the confused finances of the country. In the judgment of the ablest and most moderate men his fame rests chiefly upon this. He was a great Chancellor of the Exchequer. On the other hand, it seems superficial to say that because Disraeli won the election of 1874 he "found a weak party and nursed it into strength." The General Election of 1880 gave Gladstone an immense majority, which seemed to show that the strength of Disraeli's party had been more apparent than real. Twenty years of Conservative administration which began in 1885 were probably due to Lord Randolph Churchill more than anyone else. Lord Randolph in the memorable debates that took place in the early eighties ranged himself in sympathy with the wishes of the people. He criticised the legislation of the Government, not as an unbending Tory, but as a Conservative who associated with his Conservatism an intense desire to improve the condition of the people. He was robbed of the fruit of his labours. It may safely be said now that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour reaped where he had sown and watered. Disraeli, or rather Lord Beaconsfield as he had become, when dissolving Parliament in 1880, looked upon Ireland as a source of Imperial danger in the future. He showed this not only in the memento which he

addressed to the nation, but held that view privately. One from whom he often sought counsel told the present writer that in a private conversation he had with Lord Beaconsfield before the election took place the Conservative leader, after running over the various questions which were coming before the public, dropped his head on his breast and said, with the impressive guttural which he often used when he was deeply moved, "But Ireland." A generation has passed since then, and still Ireland presents a great difficulty to Imperial politics. Gladstone himself made his last speech in the House of Commons on March 1st, 1894, and the warning that he addressed to it was that the controversy about the House of Lords must go forward. Sixteen years have gone since then, and this historical problem is still unsolved. Mr. Leathes deals very clearly with the foreign policy of the same period, and his examination of the relations that have existed between Germany and this country is an excellent example of a moderation that neither shirks nor flatters. He traces the development of mistrust to the German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger in 1896, and thinks that the sympathy which the Germans had with the Boers produced a dislike of England that was subsequently deepened by our better understanding with France, and still further by the alliance with Japan and our better relations with Russia.

It is very interesting to compare his version with that of Professor Oncken, who deals with the history of the German Empire. The German writer goes further back, and says that in 1901 Prince Buelow "deliberately rejected the advances of British statesmen in order that Germany might not become 'the sword of England upon the Continent.'" He traces the growth of ill-feeling on our part to the German decision to pursue an independent course, but he pays a great tribute to the German Emperor for having withstood those who shared the mistrust on the German side. We are told that he staked his influence and popularity against the general feeling, that he tempered the bitterness aroused and withstood every temptation from every other quarter. But in the end he thinks German commercial competition and naval preparations had the effect of rousing hostility in England. He is, however, of opinion that the trials and vexations of the two countries have lost much of their acrimony, and that frank and friendly discussion is dispelling the mists of suspicion. Of Germany he says:

> Even so, the new position of Germany is not without its difficulties. At every step forward, she is confronted by the political and economic opposition of alliances and *ententes*, and fully realises that, despite the Triple Alliance, it is upon her own strength that she must rely first of all in any emergency. This state of things requires that she should strain every nerve. There is no other great nation in the world which would or could have taken upon itself simultaneously the three great charges of a strong army, a considerable fleet, and a far-reaching social policy; and the burden has been increased by the oversea policy adopted, the participation in the Chinese campaign, and the quelling of the South-west African revolt (1904-7).

He regards German policy as an outcome of the country's geographical and military position. Germany is "set in the centre of the international constellation of Powers," and therefore must be able to put forward her strength effectively if she is to hold her own. Here, then, we have the moderate view set forth from the opposite sides, and it does not disclose a hopeless situation. That there is a stern rivalry between Germany and Great Britain is a fundamental fact which no one can ignore, but that it must inevitably lead to war does not follow. Both nations, one would think, are too far advanced in civilisation to have recourse to this barbarous method of settling their quarrels. Indeed, as we learn from every portion of this book, there are many of the opinion that the great war of the future is more likely to spring up in the Far East.

CAVIARE TO THE GENERAL.

Howard's End, by E. M. Forster. (Arnold.)

THIS most curious story deserves more fame than it will get, for the simple reason that it seems likely that not four out of five persons will understand it or perceive its strange ability. There is a mind at work in it, busy and independent, behind the gaze of a pair of cynical, and only half compassionate, eyes. The lesson it teaches, which is a lesson of the utmost hope, is the result of neither enthusiasm nor inspiration. It is a deliberate conclusion, based on the soundest of deductions, and only reached through a masterly and exhaustive elucidation. That is the effect of it, at any rate; the style is careless, cryptic, suggestive, idle. It never dreams of troubling to emphasise or underline. Its wit is spontaneous and rare, its humour literally unfailing. The characters are drawn with a keen perception of all their limitations. It has no heroes and heroines. Mr. Wilcox, the chief male character in the story, is so extraordinarily clever and subtle a picture of a "business man" that the reviewer is almost tempted to say that this is the last word that can be said of the type, and that henceforth it should be let alone by writers as achieved and exhausted. As to half-German Margaret, the chief female character, what George Meredith has done for the brilliant, and Barrie for the womanly woman Mr. Forster does here in a lesser degree for the ordinary woman, for the woman with nothing more than balance and will. With what a chaos Margaret has to deal, out of what apparently irreconcilable people and types she brings, by dint of her own self-control, peace and a home, the reader must turn to the book to see. The seen and the unseen are both realised with the same vivid strength in Mr. Forster's work. At the bottom of the welter of confusion and conflict, of stupidity and sin and fallacy, which go to make up life, there lies, even in the first chapter of this brilliant essay on life, the beginning of an idea. Gradually and steadily it works its way upwards and outwards, till at last it emerges, definite in the mind of the woman who is made its exponent and definite in the mind of the reader, to triumph over everything and everyone. At the same time, while this one idea dominates the story—the idea conveyed in Mr. Forster's chosen motto, "Only connect . . ."—there are so many ideas running through it that only to think of one suggests another. Helen, the unbalanced "schwärmerisch" sister, whose noble but ungoverned impulses lead to such disaster, is a nature in which the German temperament predominates, and she is the channel of many ideas; Mrs. Wilcox the first, who said so little and died so soon, and whose power lasted nevertheless till the last word of the last chapter—she was the channel of more. Howard's End, the quiet country house that gives the name to the story and which stands throughout for so much, is perhaps the channel of most. A strange book—a strangely just book. Who reads it must take for his motto, "Only connect . . ." and read till the meaning of all that happens is clear to him; till the connection between Helen's sin and the sin of Mr. Wilcox is clear, for instance; till he finds himself catching himself up in his disgusted protest at *her* sin to notice that he feels no such protest at *his*. There is only one thing that the present reviewer cannot "connect," one incident he cannot acknowledge to be in the picture, and cannot, try as he will, see the justice or reason of, and that is the tragic death of the unfortunate Leonard.

REAL ROMANCE.

True Stories of the Past, by Martin Hume. (Eveleigh Nash.)

THERE are two ways of treating history—from a novelist's point of view and from an historian's. The novelist will sacrifice and subordinate history to his story; the historian will not notice the story in his history. There is a third way, a middle course, which is better than either of the others. It is, in this last book of his, the way of Martin Hume, who sees and shows the story in the history, and yet adds no word of his own to the historical records. Perhaps the only one of these "true stories" thus treated that will be familiar to the general reader is the story of Rizzio and Queen Mary; and yet it is safe to say that the romance of that is run close by the romance of some of the others. They are beautifully told; in English limpid and pure, and with a preservation and arrangement of essentials that shows the highest skill. The loves and battles and sorrows of these long dead people live again. John Hawkins cheats Pope and King; Elizabeth goes through the farce that saves her face and sends Davison to the Tower; Sir Walter rides once more on his tragic journey from Plymouth to London; the O'Sullivans make their last despairing stand against the brutal English. Old stories—but how fine they are, and here how finely told. It is a loss that no one living can make good that there will be no more stories of the times he knew so well from the pen of Martin Hume.

FIRST-RATE STORIES.

The Wonderful Bishop, by Morley Roberts.

A BOOK to be emphatically recommended. It is essentialy masculine, both in style and subject. Its wit is more comical than humorous, its good taste is unfailing and its men are much better than its women. The Bishop himself is perfectly delightful. If only there really were such bishops, how easy it would be to go to church! And though this fighting Bishop gets into places of such a tightness and holes of such a depth as it is difficult to believe a bishop ever could get into, he never says a word out of character, but remains a Bishop, lovable and admirable, throughout. That is the strength of the book—its power of keeping an unfailing grip on a conceived character. Whatever happens to them—and most improbable things do happen to them—one must read to the end about these people, for they are so real. The tale of the amiable and timid club man, and the peril into which his likeness to a Russian Nihilist plunges him, runs the tale of the fighting Bishop close. But all the stories are good; and in all of them, as in the best human stories, tragedy walks in the next street to humour, and might come round the corner any moment.

A BOY'S BOOK.

Grit, by George Hansby Russell. (John Murray.)

THE educative value of such stories as these is great. Sound, healthy and told with a vigour to fire the blood, it holds up the old tradition of an English boy's life—that he must be brave in danger and gentle to women and honest in speech. While that tradition still holds good, and still finds worthy exponents in the literature of the day, there is something at work which will keep at bay the mischief of other influences. The boy who keeps true to the old teaching in this story does so in a new land, too—the one but lately added to the English flag—and that gives it a greater interest. Many and extraordinary are the perils and adventures through which Oliver passes while about his master's business in Natal. Natives, Americans, Portuguese, Zulus and, last but not least, the ubiquitous German, he has to hold his own and make his way among them all; and not once or twice, but many times, does he nearly go under altogether—and those he is guarding with him. But, in the long run, that dogged "never knows when 'e's beat," which Mr. Russell well terms "grit," pulls down barriers and overcomes opposition, and Oliver keeps his trust and proves his worth. There is little shading or subtlety in the story. It is drawn on broad lines. The two delicious little Zulu boys, wonderful children in their pluck and pathos, are the nearest things in it to character drawing. But it is the broad lines that are growing blurred nowadays, not the fine distinctions; and that is why we give so definite a welcome to this excellent boy's book.

A PLEASANT OLD HOME.

Our Homestead and Its Old World Garden, by Arthur Trower. (Treherne.)

MR. TROWER tells us in his preface that he was impelled to write this book because he has so frequently been asked by friends from a distance for some little memento of the garden. It will interest many who never have been visitors to his house. Mr. Trower had the good fortune to be born at a place called Wiggie in Surrey, and in addition to giving an account of the homestead and garden, which are the main subjects of the book, he has, to our great satisfaction, put on record many pleasant memories of Surrey country life as it was lived in his childhood. His father was a prosperous landowner and also an excellent farmer, and at an early stage of life taught his boys the practical work of the land, and, consequently, the love of animals and the knowledge of farm labourers make the atmosphere of the book. One or two of the scenes he depicts will serve to give an idea of how delightful the others are. Speaking of the heap of apples accumulated for making cider, he says: "I seem to smell that heap now, and never do I enter into an apple-room without the sight of it coming into my mind." The cider-making chapter is excellent. In a little vignette

he shows us the farm labourers and the "hearty old fellows with their red handkerchiefs spread over their knees enjoying their midday repast." He tells us that old Michael, a philosophical labourer, used to lay down as one of his maxims "See your wife cuts your day's vittals off afore she has her own breakfast." Here, too, is a sketch of Saturday pay-night at a Surrey farmhouse:

"The old grandfather clock, with his sober tick, seems to exercise quite a soporific influence, and all save he are perfectly still. Seated at the long, low, spotlessly clean table is my father, with his wages' book and pile of silver before him, while, busily plying her needle, my mother sits close by. It is a very simple scene I wish to portray, and yet it speaks to us of quiet happiness and homely peace. One by one the labourers come forward to take their wages, and I seem to hear again the sound of their measured tread, as, in their heavy boots, they come along the lobby and across the scullery floor, bringing with them the scent of the haystock, the cowshed, or the grain pit."

Things have changed so much since the introduction of modern machinery that Mr. Trower's reminiscences of his youth possess historical interest as well as a very great charm. After his father's death the property had to be sold. It was eventually purchased by the author and his eldest brother. It consisted of fifty acres of land, the usual farm buildings, orchards, a vegetable garden and so on. They developed and beautified it; and the house in its present state must be a very alluring one, especially as it is almost smothered with flowers and creepers. The changes were made with great consideration for what had existed in the past. Mr. Trower is one of those who are grieved if an old apple tree falls, and everything else belonging to the past is equally treasured. The reader will find the pages very pleasant. They deal in a cheerful and sometimes humorous way with the natural history, the visitors and the subjects incidental to them, and are all written by one who obviously joins a love of flower and plant to a still greater love of his fellow-men.

LITTLE BONEY.

THE art of caricature, which in England arrived with Hogarth and Collet, and still flourishes here in a mild and genial form, attained its fullest vigour in the years when the dominating figure of Bonaparte cast an ominous shadow over Europe. Then it was that, under the influence of the "Great Terror," and later when, Trafalgar having shattered the Gallic hope of invasion, "the Corsican Ogre" had become "Little Boney," those great masters in the art, Gillray, Rowlandson, Woodward and the Cruikshanks, with a host of less-distinguished men, poured out lampoons, cartoons and broadsides in abundance, denouncing and vilifying the "Man of Destiny," his acts and motives. With a bitterness and malignancy of which we in later times found some reflection in Continental caricature when the war in South Africa was in progress, the torrent of illustrated invective, sometimes humorous, generally ugly, often obscene, but always frankly brutal and in deadly earnest, was rushed from the printing press and received with eager welcome by all classes of the community. It seems almost incredible in our days that these grotesque and monstrous parodies of fact, lamentable in taste and glaring in colour, were actually provided for the amusement and delectation of evening parties, did not the folios in which they were bound contain a notice to that effect. There is, indeed, ample proof that this form of pictorial satire appealed strongly to national sentiment at a time when the "Scourge of Mankind" inspired Englishmen with feelings of hatred and detestation, not unmixed with anxiety and misgiving. Just as the schoolboy whistles to keep up his spirits when passing through a churchyard after dark, so the people found their fears allayed and their patriotism stimulated by these spiteful and savage gibes at Napoleon; and thus as a political force they were a recognised source of power and influence.



It is somewhat surprising that, while so many writers have given attention to Napoleon, and so many books upon the incidents of his career should have appeared, no one until now has attempted to deal adequately with this phase of the subject, although it would be difficult to exaggerate its importance from almost any point of view. In an earlier work, "Napoleon and the Invasion of England," Mr. A. M. Broadley produced out of his unique collection of caricatures a marvellous selection of these historic documents, mainly connected with the events of what he has aptly described as the "Great Terror." He has now, in two new illustrated volumes—"Napoleon in Caricature, 1795—1821," with an introductory essay by J. Holland Rose (John Lane)—supplemented that selection, and, indeed, done much more, for not only has he drawn upon the same apparently inexhaustible source for upwards of two hundred fresh illustrations, but he has given us what is at once the fullest and the most authoritative record of these burlesques of Napoleon.



Those who are familiar with the works of Messrs. John Ashton, George Everitt, R. H. Evans, Joseph Grego, G. W. Reid and Thomas Wright in this country, and MM. Champfleury and J. Grand-Carteret in France, will at once recognise the unrivalled character of this work in its own line. But there is also the striking fact to be noted that whereas no earlier writer has been able to find as many as four hundred English prints to catalogue, Mr. Broadley has traced more than double that number relating in some way or another to Napoleon which were the work of English artists and published in this country. Furthermore, he has told the history of Napoleonic



BONEY CROSSING THE LINE.

left upon his contemporaries. Regarded also from a certain standpoint, they exhibit an allegorical history of European movement during Bonaparte's lifetime from about the date of his being appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of France until his end at St. Helena, or from 1797 to 1821. In France, it is true, his appearance in the illustrated lampoons began a little earlier, and in England he was represented in some of the political skits of 1795-96. But according to Mr. Broadley, a plate by Isaac Cruikshank, published by S. W. Fores on March 12th, 1797, entitled "Buonaparte at Rome Giving Audience in State," is the first English caricature of the "Little Corporal." For some time the caricaturists did not attempt any actual likeness in their presentment of Napoleon, but were content with grotesque figures, intended doubtless to indicate his diabolic character. The first attempt at a really good portrait was made by C. Ansell in a print published by Fores in February, 1802, entitled "Cross-Examination"; but the student of Napoleonic iconography will be puzzled to find any trace of the finely chiselled features of Bonaparte in many of the caricatures here shown. In this respect, as in others, the illustrations



NU MOETIKMET MYN HAAN.
BEDAARD NAAR ELBA GAAN.

caricature in France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Italy and other countries, describing the prints which, with the indefatigable research of the scientific explorer, he has either procured himself or discovered in the collections of others. The many qualifications of the author for the work he has set himself to do and has carried out with such completeness and absorbing interest are, indeed, manifest in every page of these two handsome and bulky volumes.

The historical value of these satirical prints is beyond question, for while it must be admitted that the view of Napoleon which they present is both ridiculous and distorted, they give a good idea of the influence he exerted and the impression he



present infinite variety. The French caricaturists were fully as venomous as their English rivals, whether they were working for Bonaparte—who was not above using this means of influencing public opinion—or were intent on stinging the fallen idol with their satire.

The caricatures of the other European countries afford an indication of the changes of fortune either suffered by themselves or by the object they portrayed. The Spanish prints, almost without exception coarse, crude and vulgar, exhibit at all times the popular feeling, whereas in Germany it is not until after the retreat from Moscow that the will and ability of the artists find free vent in a flood inspired by hatred and horror. In Italy also there is a turn in the tide of feeling, followed by an expression of bitter resentment and indignation. The Dutch pictures, when it is remembered that Holland was the early home of caricature, are disappointing for their artistic poverty, and those of Sweden and Switzerland are curious and cryptic in their cleverness. On the other hand, the Russian prints, if characteristically gruesome in conception, show much skill both in imagination and treatment. It was not only in pictorial prints that the caricature of Napoleon took shape, though this was its most popular form; but many thousands of representations of the Emperor appeared on imitation bank-notes and theatrical bills, on pottery and playing-cards, on fans, valentines, jest books, watch dials and snuff-boxes, and they even invaded the games, the puzzles and the primers of the children.

It would give an altogether mistaken notion of these volumes if they were merely regarded as a pictorial catalogue and the literary charm of the work was ignored or underestimated. Mr. Broadley's narrative is a storehouse of material for history, but his treatment of the subject is as charming as his survey is comprehensive. To many the chapters on the publishers of the caricature prints, and on the artists who designed and etched them, will be not the least attractive features of the work. They are marked with full knowledge and infinite pains. Reading the description of these prints, we seem to hear the clamour of political strife, the outcry of public conviction and a very hurricane of passionate denunciation and hate. But comedy and tragedy are intermingled, and those who will may find in the cartoons much to throw light upon the humour and extravagance of life, details of custom and costume, the luxuries and the licence, the vices and the virtues of the epoch. The scholarly introduction by Dr. Holland Rose leaves nothing to be desired, and in the appendices are tabulated alphabetically all the known caricatures of Napoleon published in different countries, with a bibliography which should be indispensable both to the student and collector. C. N. R.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

GOLFERS IN THE LAW COURTS.

THE case of Woodward *v.* Heywood, lately decided by a Divisional Court, consisting of Mr. Justice Phillimore and Mr. Justice Coleridge, is interesting and, on the whole, reassuring to golfers. The facts were very briefly these: Mr. Herbert, the freeholder, let to the Abergavenny Club the house known as the Monmouth Golf Club House. He did not let any land with the house, but gave the club a licence to maintain a golf course on the surrounding farm land and play upon it, and in particular to keep between the holes a playing course, not exceeding fifty yards in width, clear from fern, long grass or other material obstruction to the play. All went well until the freeholder let the farm to the plaintiff, subject, of course, to the original reservation in the club's favour. Once the golfers had been content to have the grass kept down by sheep and cattle-grazing, but now they began to use the scythe. Thereupon the plaintiff complained that they were taking away grass to which he was entitled for grazing purposes, and brought his action. Mr. Justice Phillimore said that the question "resolved itself into one of degree. What was long grass? The only standard applicable was that it must mean long grass from the point of view of the golfer," and the Court held that no more had been done than was reasonably necessary for the use of the ground as a golf course. The question, though interesting, is not likely to arise in the case of many clubs, since, as a rule, the terms of their leases are more clear-cut and definite than were those in this case. Even after their victory the Abergavenny golfers will have to be a race of parlous straight drivers. Fifty yards sounds a broad enough fairway, but it is uncommonly narrow sometimes when we come to drive down it.

CADDIES AS MARKET GARDENERS.

An interesting scheme for the further employment of caddies is soon to be put before the Hanger Hill Club. The following is a brief summary of the proposals, upon which we comment elsewhere. As near as possible to the caddies' quarters the club is to appropriate two acres of ground, which are to be ploughed up in strips twenty-five feet wide, leaving a space between the strips to give access to a horse and cart. The Middlesex County Council are to be invited to provide a practical gardener to teach and work with the caddies, and in order that he may have a practical interest in the garden, this instructor is to have one-sixth share of the net profits. The other five-sixths are to be distributed among the caddies at Christmas in proportion to the number of hours for which they have worked. Subject to this provision, that the garden committee may, if they think fit, expend any caddie's share on clothes for him or in any other way that may benefit him. These profits are to come, to begin with, from the growing of vegetables, which will be bought by the golf club from the caddies' market garden at current trade prices, and also by such members as care to buy them. If the Middlesex County Council agree to provide the instructor, the members of the club will be asked to subscribe a sum of fifty pounds to provide the caddies with seeds and garden tools, and to set the enterprise fairly on its legs. There are, of course, other administrative details, which it is unnecessary to give. It is much to be hoped that the experiment will be tried and prove successful.



MR. V. C. LONGSTAFFE.

MR. V. C. LONGSTAFFE.

Mr. Longstaffe has attained to great renown as the conqueror of Miss Leitch. At Aldeburgh the other day he gave her five strokes and a beating by a narrow margin. It was a match that reflected equal credit on victor and vanquished, since Miss Leitch certainly did not disgrace herself in giving a hard fight to so good a player on his own favourite course. Mr. Longstaffe was captain of the Cambridge team in 1908, and had the satisfaction of leading his side to victory. He himself fell a victim to Mr. Robertson-Durham in one of the most extraordinary of matches, wherein Mr. Robertson-Durham, after appearing at one time hopelessly beaten, pulled the game out of the fire by a brilliant and overwhelming spurt. Mr. Longstaffe now plays chiefly at Stoke Poges, and he is also a prop of the Solicitors' Golfing Society. He has an extremely neat and attractive style, and is especially to be feared in the neighbourhood of the green.

WOKING CRITICISED.

What a fine course Woking would be if it were only a little different! That first hole seems to combine in itself every fault that a golfing hole ought not to have. And it is all the worse that, being itself a short hole, though a very bad one, it should come just before another short hole, which is as good of its kind as the first is bad. Then you ask, when you come to the fourth, what in the name of wonder that little bunker is doing just where it ought not to be, right in the middle of the fair course, so as to catch a good drive, and nothing else but a good drive? You ask why they do not cut away some of the bushes from behind the tee and put the tee some thirty yards or so further back, which simple expedient would turn the hole into a good one; and you ask, also, why, with the tee where it is, they do not cut a few more bunkers in the rough to the left to punish a pulled shot, which the rough is not now nearly rough enough to punish adequately? And when you get to the seventeenth

tee you ask why they do not cut down some of the straggly little bushes in front of it, which now prevent your seeing clearly where you are going, and make the tee shot something very like a blind one. It is only the tops that need taking off.

WOKING APPRECIATED.

It is the greatest possible tribute to the course that these are all the captious questions of the kind that you are at all tempted to ask. There are not many courses that suggest so few. And in the long intervals between your questionings your mental attitude is one of unqualified admiration all the time—admiration of the length of the holes, of their excellent guarding, of the fine natural undulations, of the perfection of the putting greens, true, yet never with a monotony of flatness, and of the unsurpassed beauty of the floral colouring at all seasons of the year alike. Given, as the colours on Nature's palette, the Scotch firs, the birches, the gorse and the heather, to be thrown in on this undulating canvas, and nothing is wanting to perfect the scheme. It is as fine golf, of the inland type, as you can find in the finest possible surroundings.

AN IMPERTINENT SUGGESTION.

As for that first hole, of miserable memory, why do they not do away with it altogether—cut it out and make the second hole the first? It would then be a magnificent two-shot hole. If necessary, for an ordinary driver to reach it in two, the tee could be put forward a little. There would be no trouble about that. And as for the hole that in that case would be lacking, there is surely ample ground, at more than one point of the course, where another could be put in to make up the statutory number. And, finally, can there be any better way of enhancing your popularity than by going down to the course, as the writer did, a very occasional v.s.tor to it, and thus pointing out to the people who know it well and are responsible for what is done there, how far better all would be done if only he had the doing? Surely this is a shining example of an essay in the gentle art of making enemies.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE SMITHFIELD SHOW.

NO echo of the political strife which was raging throughout the country penetrated the Royal Agricultural Hall, where the annual show of the Smithfield Club was opened on Monday last. The attendance in the morning was, of course, limited to members and exhibitors, but later in the day it increased considerably, and appeared to be quite up to its usual proportions, while the popularity of the show among breeders was demonstrated by the record entry, the exhibits numbering one thousand and twenty-five this year as compared with nine hundred and eighteen a year ago. Of these, table poultry claimed a large proportion, with two hundred and sixty-five entries, which suggests that English poultry-breeders are at last seriously considering competition in a market where they certainly ought to carry all before them.

In general quality the show was up to its usual standard, and, although there were no very exceptional animals, the uniformity of excellence exhibited made the judges' task a difficult one. Mere weight no longer ranks as the supreme virtue in fat stock, and the panting mountains of flesh which a few years ago filled the ranks at Islington are a thing of the past. The heaviest beast this year (a Sussex steer) only turned the scale at eighteen hundredweight. We question whether under former conditions Mr. J. J. Cridlan's Aberdeen-Angus heifer Clasp II. could have wrested the championship from His Majesty's shorthorn Mystery. In weight the shorthorn was two stone to the good, and a perfect animal of its breed. Indeed, the judges found the task of adjudication beyond them, and had to appeal to the referee, who, after less than five minutes' consideration, found for the Aberdeen-Angus. She is probably the lightest champion Smithfield has ever known, but her flawless shape and quality justify the award.

The King was the largest exhibitor, and took prizes in several classes. The 1st and Breed Cup in its section fell to his two year old Hereford steer Prince, bred by His late Majesty at Windsor. With Devons he secured a 2nd and 3rd; shorthorns, two 1sts and a 2nd, the Breed Cup being claimed by the winner, Mystery. First and 2nd honours were awarded to a steer and heifer from the Royal farms, while the Dexters carried off two 1sts and the small cross-breds two 3rds. In sheep and pigs, unfortunately, His Majesty did not score so well. The sheep from the Royal farms were not quite up to the standard of the cattle, and the highest award scored was a reserve ticket.

From a rapid general survey of the show it is difficult to say which breed displayed greatest quality. The Devons, perhaps, were not quite so brilliant as usual, the younger steers being notably uneven: but the winner (also reserve for the Breed Cup), belonging to Mr. C. Morris, was a splendidly built animal. At barely twenty months old its weight is 11cwt. 15lb., whereas the King's steer, which scored at Birmingham, only weighed 0¾cwt. at eighteen months old. Mr. Morris also won in the heifer class with Capton Lily, a beautiful, evenly fleshed animal.

The entry of nineteen Herefords was rather spoiled by the non-appearance of some of the exhibits. In the young steers the Birmingham verdict was reversed, and the Hon. F. G. Wynn secured the first place with Buan. The King easily headed the older class with Prince, a magnificent, weighty animal which not only took the Breed Cup, but was declared the best steer in the show. His Majesty also won in the younger shorthorns with Stanley, a splendid creature, far outstripping his competitors both in size and quality. In the two-year olds the King and Mr. Cridlan were once more in close competition, Mr. Cridlan winning with Crown Prince, who at 2 years 11 months registered 17cwt. 8lb. Of the four heifers present the celebrated Mystery, of course, was undisputed chief.

The Sussex entries—twenty-one in number—were a very level lot of fine form. The quality of the winner of the Breed Cup, Lavington Success, bred by Mr. James Buchanan, was remarkable, and the competition in the younger sections of this class was extremely close.

Red-polls were represented by a select little entry of eleven, all animals of exceptional merit. In this class a brilliant success was scored by Mr. G. H. Wilson of Diss, who carried off the Breed Cup, its reserve, three 1sts, two 2nds and a 3rd, honours which, if they do not constitute a record, will take a lot of beating. All these winners were the offspring of that grand bull, Starston Emperor.

The Aberdeen-Angus entries, as usual, excited the keenest interest. Indeed, this breed continues to carry all before it, and even with nine absentees there were still a score of animals to compete. Among the younger steers Captain A. Stirling's Blackband stood out as an easy winner. He was a splendidly symmetrical animal of great depth, bred by Mr. R. Paterson, weighing, at close on nineteen months, 12¼ cwt., and his additional award of the £25 cup as best animal under two years of age was well merited. Mr. Cridlan's heifer, Clasp II., of course, scored brilliantly in the female class, as in addition to the 100-guinea champion plate, she secured the £25 breed cup, the £50 cup as best heifer, and the King's Challenge Cup as best animal bred by the exhibitor, her reserve in the Challenge Cup being a very perfect Galloway heifer, the property of Messrs. T. Biggar and Sons. The Highland cattle made a fascinating entry, and the Welshmen have never shown better, either in number or quality.

Cross-breds were equally satisfactory, and from the butcher's point of view it is probable that they were the most interesting exhibit in the show. The Breed Cup went to Mr. W. Bremner's Jock, a handsome black and white steer, thickly and evenly fleshed.

Both sheep and pigs attained a high standard of excellence, although entries in some of the classes were rather limited. The Champion Plate for short-woolled sheep and the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup for the best pen of sheep in the show went to Mr. H. E. Smith, while Messrs. S. E. Dean and Sons were winners of the long-woolled championship.

In the pig classes Mr. A. Hiscock secured Prince Christian's Challenge Cup for the best pen bred by the exhibitor, with a choice lot of middle whites, which also took the Champion Plate as best pigs in the show, the Earl of Ellesmere's large whites being the reserve; the Champion Prize for the best single pig in the show was won by Messrs. W. H. and E. Wherry with a superb specimen of the latter breed.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP IN A STRANGE COUNTRY.

THE picturesque black-faced mountain breed looked somewhat out of place to me when one day recently I came on a lot of them in an Oxfordshire market situated less than six miles from what we may call the cradle of the Oxford Downs. I supposed that they might have come from a neighbouring park where they were kept as ornaments, but was informed that they were "getting quite common" in that neighbourhood. This was interesting to me as an old inhabitant of that district, and set me wondering what could be the object of introducing such an element where everybody was supposed to swear by the Oxfords, the breed which, not so many years ago, ousted the old Cotswolds. A good many of the former are always seen at Islington, and although no one denies their great usefulness even there, they have to take second or third place in the values per pound. They grow too big and carry too large a proportion of fat to take rank as first-class Down mutton, making less money than the Hampshires, Suffolks and Scotch. Is it possible that some of the farmers are waking up to the fact that big sheep of 80lb. and upwards are quite out of date for the London trade? If not already recognised, it is only a question of time before it must be. But why choose mountain sheep? They have their own sphere of usefulness on their native hills, and will thrive under conditions such as would starve other breeds. Crossed with the Border-Leicester, the produce cannot be beaten for choice mutton. These cross-breds are neither ornamental nor uniform, but they sell "like hot cakes" in London and other great urban centres, where they like small joints and will not eat cold mutton. The pure Cheviots, too, are very popular as butcher's sheep, and breeding flocks of them might answer in many districts. But the mountain is scarcely the sheep for the Southern farmer, and is worth less by at least ¼d. per pound than the sorts above-mentioned, and also weighs badly. On the great question of changing heavy breeds for smaller ones it should always be borne in mind that the weight of mutton per acre must be maintained by increased numbers. If that can be done the extra value will be all increased profit. A. T. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"TIPPING" IN COUNTRY HOUSES.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I am sure you have done a service to a great many young fellows not too well blessed with this world's goods by the hints given now and then in your "Shooting Notes" about the tipping of keepers. I think this is a matter that you might take up in a wider way, so that perhaps we might get some useful scale as to the right (so far as anything in this bad connection is right) tips to give to servants when we are visiting in country houses. It is a question which seems to divide up under two heads; that is, tipping by a man (I am looking at it all from a man's, not a woman's, point of view) who is visiting with or without his own valet, respectively. But the difference is simply stated. If the man brings his own servant he will not tip a servant of the house for valeting him. There will remain for him the butler and the housemaid. The butler is the receiver of tips who really does least work to warrant them, but his tipping has to be looked at in something like the light of giving a pension. It is an ultimate reward to which he looks forward as he passes up through the junior ranks of first and second footman. It is a kind of understood thing that a butler does not take less than gold. Nevertheless, it has been my experience, as a frequent visitor in country houses, to give the butler five shillings, when he has done absolutely nothing to deserve them, and though I daresay he did not like them half as well as ten, he probably liked them five times as well as none. At least, I regret to say, he never offered to give them back. If a man is by himself, for a week-end visit, say three nights, it does not seem to me that he need give the butler anything. No doubt there will be a receptive hand, if he does feel inclined to give, but even the butler himself probably will not feel injured if his palm goes without the pleasant contact. If a man and his wife are together for the week-end visit, perhaps ten shillings is expected. But the same sum will suffice as a tip after a visit of twice that length. So much, then, for this great functionary. As for the housemaid, five shillings for the week-end visit will do all right for her, in case of husband and wife visiting together, and in this case the husband will, of course, leave it to the wife to convey the money. Where a man is alone the tip of the housemaid is a difficulty. It is a difficulty which he often overcomes by omitting the tip altogether, but this seems rather hard. One recognised mode of conveying it is by putting in it an envelope under the pillow. In a large house a visitor hardly sees the housemaid; and, if he does, it is impossible for him to tell which of several maids, dressed just alike, is the head one or the one who is looking after his room. In a small house, where there is perhaps only one, or one and a-half (I mean an obvious understudy), identification is possible, but in a big house it is hardly possible for a man to give the tip to the housemaid personally. Half-a-crown for a three days' visit, five shillings for a week, if a man is alone, seems plenty for the housemaid. Tipping generally proceeds on the principle varying inversely with the service rendered by the recipient of the tip. Thus the footman who valets you gets about twice as much for looking after you as the housemaid who does your room, which takes twice as long. Visiting as a bachelor and without a servant, it seems to be incumbent on the man to give the footman who valets him something about the rate of a shilling a day. It is to be understood that this is rather on the low side for a short visit, but that it is liberal enough for a long. Thus five shillings would be about right for the three days of a week-end visit, though half a sovereign might be enough for ten days. Something (although in this connection it seems almost a paradox to say so) depends on the work the servant has done for you; thus, if you have had a lot of dirty hunting or shooting things, the work he has done in cleaning and brushing might earn him a little special consideration in the parting tip. Packing and unpacking are a certain trouble, and it is perhaps on this account that a short visit seems to demand a higher scale of tipping than a long. And, after all is said, servants are human. That means that they appreciate the word and look that are addressed to them as if they had a share in our common humanity, and will give you more cheerful service if you speak to them in a friendly way. And they are quite shrewd and quite kindly enough to mark distinctions between the tipping abilities of guests. A butler who has been any length of time with a family soon knows something of the circumstances of his master's visitors, and does not expect the same tip from the impecunious subaltern as from the opulent banker; not that it is by any means from the richest men that he will always receive the richest doles. A poor man often gives big tips because he is afraid of being thought mean; but a rich man is not nearly so sensitive about this reputation. I ask you to insert this letter not the least as a sermon to preach to people what they ought to give in tips, but to lay down some sort of basis from which to argue, so as, if possible, to arrive at some generally recognised scale such as has been more or less arrived at for the tipping of the keeper.—H.

A LITTLE FOLK LORE.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—May I be permitted to point out that there is a modicum of truth in the folk-lore cited by your correspondent, T. Ratcliffe. It is well known that the bite of a dog may cause hydrophobia, even though the animal may show no outward and visible sign of the disease at the time. I believe I am correct in saying that there is at least one well-authenticated instance of a woman being killed by a newt, which lived and throve in the alimentary canal and finally caused an obstruction. This is one of the dangers of eating watercress, that an egg of a newt may quite easily be swallowed among the leaves.—F. A. Monckton.

CLEMATISES DYING OFF.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I have read with considerable interest the excellent article on clematises by Mr. W. Robinson which appears on page 766, but am rather surprised at his statement that lime in the soil is not necessary for these plants, and that "if anything is added it should be plenty of sharp sand." Since reading the above I had occasion to refer to Mr. Robinson's book, "The English Flower Garden," eighth edition, for some other purpose, and accidentally came across the following under "Clematis" on page 485: "All of them appear to succeed best in a chalky soil, and in gardens naturally devoid of chalk or lime it is well to supply it." As this edition was published in 1900, it is, of course, evident that Mr. Robinson has formed a different opinion to that which he originally held, and which I have found to be sound in practice.—F. W. H.

[We have submitted this letter to Mr. Robinson, who replies as follows: "I have since planted hundreds of clematis in soil without a particle of lime, and, therefore, cannot say otherwise about it. There is so much chalk land in the South of England that people have plenty of opportunity for testing its value in that way, and we see some of the wild kinds growing in such land. I have consulted one of the most successful growers and raisers in France, and he tells me that sand is the best addition in ordinary soil. — W. Robinson."—Ed.]



BEATING OUT OF PORT.

AN OLD TRADER

[To the Editor.]

Sir,—The accompanying photograph, by Messrs. Beken and Son of Cowes, shows an old trader beating out of the port. It may be of interest, as this class of vessel is getting scarce, and is hardly ever seen in full sail, except out at sea.—C.

A WINTER BUTTERFLY.

[To the Editor.]

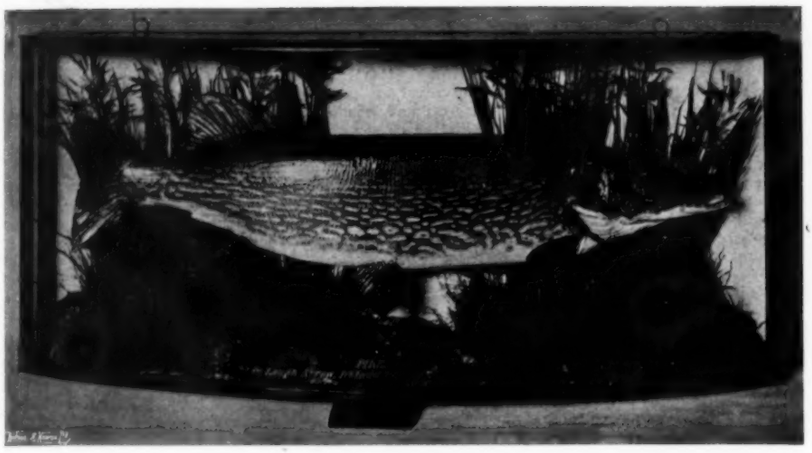
Sir,—I think it very remarkable: On the afternoon of November 20th I went out and got some ivy off some oak trees in this neighbourhood, and brought it home and laid it on a couch in a room where there was a fire, and when I went to shift it, between nine and ten p.m., there was a white butterfly alive, a good

sized one, on the leaves. Wherever it came from I cannot imagine. It may have been hidden among the leaves and the heat of the room made it show itself. Perhaps some of your readers can inform me.—WILD FLOWER.

A FORTY-TWO-POUND PIKE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows the forty-two-pound Lough Arrow pike to which I referred in my letter in your Christmas Number.—T. PHILLIPS.



A FORTY-TWO POUNDER.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In spite of the sympathy which your readers must all feel with Mr. Tipping in his crusade against the wrecking of the country's amenities, may we not ask whether he is altogether well advised in tilting at the particular bridge which he illustrates in your issue of November 19th? In such a crusade it is, to put it on the lowest ground, wise policy to choose really flagrant monstrosities—there are plenty of them—to attack. Mr. Tipping admits that the old bridge was decrepit, and admits the usefulness of reinforced concrete. He cannot, therefore, expect a human county authority to refrain from its use, and I am sure he cannot desire, as might almost be inferred from his letter, that the wooden bridge should be imitated in reinforced concrete! One can hardly conceive two materials more widely differing in technique. When we come to look at the actual bridge, we find that it is, at all events, perfectly simple and straightforward. True, its lines are straight; so are the lines of Mr. Tipping's own garden walls, illustrated in the same number. He, like many of us, has learned that in man's handiwork the direct line is often the best, and that the happy accident, the grace beyond the reach of art, is a mere irritation when it is done on purpose, and is most wisely left to the hand of Nature or of Time. He takes exception to the railing. But to recall the vulgarities of the founders' pattern-books, sown broadcast over the bridges of the last half-century, is to be thankful for the restraint shown in this simple fence of plain upright rods carrying a plain hand-rail. Indeed, so far as one can tell from the small photograph, there is positively no offensive detail on the bridge. But if our county authorities, emboldened by Mr. Tipping's advice, are to be let loose on curves, Heaven help the country-side!—H. M. FLETCHER.

[We have re-read Mr. Tipping's letter, and find no hint that the old bridge should be imitated in reinforced concrete, or that county authorities are to be "let loose on curves." His suggestion is that county authorities should leave design to those who are really competent, who combine knowledge of construction with a right sense of architectural line and fitness, and who can, therefore, use a new material not imitatively, but in the spirit of past tradition where that tradition is indisputably fine, as in the case of bridges whether of wood or of stone. Mr. Tipping showed that the slight curve of the old bridge—which could equally have been there had stone been the material—was adopted for practical reasons as well as from a correct, though perhaps unconscious, æsthetic sense. We think it likely that his garden paths, though straight while near to and in sympathy with the straight lines of his house, take curves and bends when they enter the domain of and associate with Nature. Geometrically traced roads crossing over canalised and formalised water may, perhaps, look well if carried over on flat bridges; but there can be no doubt whatever which of the two bridges that we published is in character with its environment. If an artist were painting that bend of the Test, is there any doubt as to which bridge he would introduce into his picture?—ED.]



A TEE IN NEW ZEALAND.

A PROLIFIC COW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Reading your valuable paper a few weeks back, I noticed in your columns a paragraph of rather an unusual occurrence. I enclose herewith a cutting from the *Dursley Gazette* for October 8th of a similar instance of prolific production, which may be of interest to your readers: "A Prolific Cow.—Mr. Percy Bennett, of Clingre, Dursley, Glos., is the possessor of a prolific cow. During the last twelve months it has given birth to five calves—three at the last birth, and two on the previous occasion."—WALTER BIRD.

GOLF IN NEW ZEALAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps you would like the enclosed photograph, which was sent me by my son from Nuhaka, North Island, New Zealand. In the letter accompanying the photograph he says: "We were playing golf on the sandhills close to the sea, when the bay became full of young black fish, a species of small whale, which were driven ashore, and when the tide went down were left stranded on the beach.—LUCY BESANT.

TAME PIGEONS IN TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This summer a pair of tame pigeons came to our wood and lived in the trees for about three weeks. Surely this is an unusual manner of living for tame pigeons! I mean living and roosting in trees. They left the wood and fed in the fields all day, like wood-pigeons, returning every night to the same tree. I was very interested to see if they would nest in the trees also. I should understand them coming and living in any of the sheds; but though they lived in some trees near to an open shed they never entered it, neither did they ever feed with the hens, as they might have done, but always went away all day to some distant fields to feed. They, as I said, only remained about three weeks, and I am afraid one or both must have been shot. I should like to know if this is a common thing for tame pigeons to do. I may add that the pigeons were white tumblers.—J. C. LAIDLAY.

[The occurrence is unusual, but not rare. House-pigeons may often be seen on the trees in the neighbourhood of the Temple.—ED.]

TROUBLESOME STARLINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This place is perfectly infested with starlings, blackbirds, etc., which eat everything. Can you suggest a good way of trapping them?—F. M. DAVID, Claverham Manor, Berwick, Sussex.

[We are not aware of any wholesale way of trapping either starlings or blackbirds. Shooting is probably the most effective method. But, on principle, we should be inclined to deprecate it, for starlings certainly, on balance, are very good friends to the farmers, and probably the balance is in favour, though not so decidedly, of blackbirds also. Can you not scare them away?—ED.]



A LEAD CISTERN MADE FOR MARKHAM EELES.

A LEAD CISTERN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have noticed in various articles that have appeared in COUNTRY LIFE illustrations of old lead cisterns, and I think that the enclosed picture will, therefore, be of interest. Not only is this example of an eighteenth century type very typical of London leadwork, but it bears the name of Markham Eeles. It was he who built, about 1710-12, the house in Lower Clapton Road which is now the British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females, and his cipher is also on the wrought-iron entrance gate.—F. BAGUST.